AUGUST 1919

THE NEW RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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the national joy smoke

SAY, you'll have a streak of smokeluck that'll put pep-in-your-smokemotor, all right, if you'll ring-in with a jimmy pipe or cigarette papers and nail some Prince Albert for packing!

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frequently. How about to-night?

SEALED TIGHT—KEPT RIGHT
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The Flavor Lasts!

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NEXT MONTH'S SPECIAL FEATURES

THE dauntless courage and capacity for great detail—which the French women contributed to the war—is the theme of Miss Ida M. Tarbell's article, "Courage," which will be a September contribution

CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT, who went to Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin for us, contributes in September a study of Germany to-day and of her attitude toward the Allies. He answers the question, "Are They Contrite?"

HELEN KELLER'S moving narrative of her visit to Evergreen Hospital to greet and help our blinded soldiers, to tell them how even the ghastly handicap of blindness can be beaten, will come in the September number

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COME WITH ME

By Emily Frances Robbins

THERE is a village road that leads away to the young woods and a blue smiling pond. Come with me.

I will find for you the path among the small oak trees, for you might easily pass it by. We will follow its narrow sandy windings until we reach the deep forest beyond, where there are tall pines and a cool cushioned road. Here let us stroll in the sweet dry air, perfumed with pine and earth. Come, and I will give you health.

I will take you far into the solitary mysteries of the quiet woods. Beyond there is a hidden dale. Shut your eyes, let me lead you, play that you are blind that I may have the pleasure of giving you sight when we come to the scene I love. Dry brush crackles under our feet. But a moment more—how wet I know the way. Stand—Now open. Look upon the blue lovely pond, the fleecy clouds above, brown hills—gaze. Fill your mind and heart with beauty and repose, sweet medicines. Here I will give you peace.

Still come with me. Let us circle on around, to the green space where stands an old abandoned house. Come close and peep behind the sagging open door. It is all hollowness within. Once it held happy human lives. There by the fireplace, now so gray and bleak, a mother rocked her baby in the glow of cosy embers. Long since that baby grew to be a man and went to some far land. Somewhere there is that man, whose mind can paint this view into a fond and loving scene, a happy childhood's home. Perhaps to-day in the smoke and strain of some great toiling city, his fancy sees this house, his tired body yearns for just this spot. We come for him instead—our privilege. Here we may bathe our heart and spirit in a larger sympathy. Come with me!

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"There was a healing, soothing something which breathed forth from the earth into Hallen. . . . He had come back to the Oldest Mother just in time"

("Mother Earth Forgives," page 3)

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MOTHER EARTH FORGIVES

By Freeman Tilden

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarly

ON THE edge of the ultimate disaster, Hallen obeyed a sudden impulse. He did not know why he did what he did. He only heard something calling to him—and he answered like a strayed child. He flung his glass of whiskey into the corner and rushed from the room.

The other three men seated around the table in the rear of the Tenth Avenue saloon stared after him stupidly. The jangle of shattered glass, so unexpected, made them wince and start, but they clung stolidly to their chairs.

"He's crazy drunk, that's what's the matter," said one of them.

"I'll get him!" cried the one-eyed man nearest the door, rising with a stream of oaths.

"Leave him go!" said the third man, seizing the coat of the second. "Leave him go, Ed. He's no good."

The one-eyed man sat down again, and glared ruefully at the broken glass and the wet place on the floor. "And I paid a quarter for that slug!" he yelled bitterly.

"Leave the piker go," said the first man, sententiously. "He wouldn't be no good to us."

Hallen did not hear the compliments that were sent after him. He had turned the corner into Twenty-eighth Street, and was hurrying eastward. He would have run, if he had dared. But that would attract the attention of some copper. So he walked as briskly as was prudent.

As he fled, Hallen repeated to himself, aloud, "I'm going home, I'm going home."

Several loungers heard him and grinned. A group of urchins attracted by the gaunt figure, ragged, unshaven, followed him a short distance, jeering him. If he had been shuffling along, unsteady, they would not have noticed him. A bleary, reeling bum would have been part of the landscape. But Hallen was hurrying. Such demeanor was stimulating—arresting—suspicious.

A big man, whose connection with the police department shouted itself, in spite of his lack of uniform, blocked Hallen's path. Hallen's heart sank. He well knew a plain-clothes-man, a "bull," by this time.

"Wait a minute," commanded the obstacle. "Where you going?" He searched Hallen's face with appraising eyes.

"I'm going home," responded Hallen, dully.

The detective hesitated. Then he said, shortly, "Go on!"

Hallen lurched forward as though a prop against which he had been leaning had suddenly been jerked away.

DO YOU live in the city? Do you have to do your tramping over granolithic sidewalks instead of through cool, green country lanes? Do you breathe dead air? Do you feel a deep and almost unconscious yearning to go back to the country? Henry Hallen had all these feelings—and others deeper and more compelling. The Earth called him from the city—and he answered.

At Seventh Avenue Hallen stopped and fumbled in his pockets. He turned up matches, matches, and matches. In each pocket, matches—the careless loot from polished bars. He was a walking match-safe. He was almost explosive. Then, as his fingers touched a coin, he nearly shrieked with relief. It was a nickel. It was a subway fare. He ducked into the clammy Interborough cellar, and took a train for Van Cortlandt Park.

Before he reached the end of the ride, the subway became an elevated road. The windows of the car were open. The bland, impure summer breath of the city made most of the passengers drowsy. Most of them looked down and saw streets, playing children, bedclothes lolling out of windows, and flags. Hallen saw trees—wistful trees, dying trees, stunted trees, trees gasping for breath, but still trees. It had been four years since Hallen had seen a tree. At least, if he had seen them with his eyes, he had not seen them with his soul. Now he was seeing trees again, and he murmured over and over, "I'm going home, home."

From the end of the elevated road Hallen pounded his slanting heels to Yonkers. He skirted the edge of Van Cortlandt Park, where boys were playing ball, and men were practising golf drives from improvised tees, and babies were squalling in carriages. But Hallen saw only trees and green grass.

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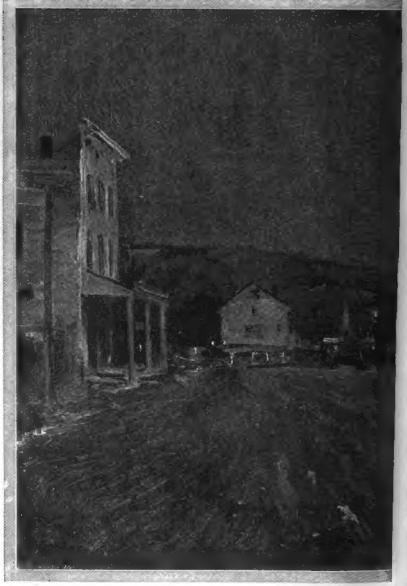

"For the first time it occurred to Hallen home. Why had he come back, begged his way

At Yonkers the man turned toward Mount Vernon. He passed a big school for girls, set well back from the road, with a fine lawn in front, and a painted iron fence. The girls were going home for the year. There were taxis and private automobiles and trucks outside the gate. There was a big pile of trunks. Hallen stood and watched patiently, hoping to snatch the price of a meal and bed out of this exodus. And he was successful. He got a dollar for helping to load the trunks.

A few days before; yes, the day before; indeed the morning of this very day, Hallen would have steered straight for the nearest saloon with that dollar. Now the idea never entered his head. The luck of it, the splendid augury of stumbling upon that dollar, threw him into a nervous delight, so that he wept inwardly

Two hoboes, who looked no worse than himself, accosted him from the side of the road. They were eating from what seemed to be a galaxy of handouts. Hallen was hungry, but he did not dare to stop. He had a precise persuasion that he was safe only while he was alone—until he got home. The 'boes yapped at him profanely as he left them behind.

That night, at the New Rochelle station, Hallen inserted himself, unnoticed, into a box-car. He reached Meriden before it came light. There he was discovered and dumped out on the ground with as little anger or interest as though he had been a jute sack of sawdust. He shook himself, like a dusty dog, and went uptown to look around. Five hours later he was in the police court, looking at a young police judge with a squarish jaw, and thinking how much he was like a certain Henry Potter, who was station agent in Foxlake four years ago.

"You know, I'm on my rounds and I finds this man at the corner of ——" droned the policeman, when it was Hallen's turn to stand up.

"What's your name?" asked the young police magistrate.

"Henry Hallen."

"Where do you live?"

"Foxlake, New Hampshire."

"What are you doing here in Meriden, Hallen?"

"I'm on my way home. I was on a freight. They chucked me off——" The truth quivered in that word "home." It had an earnestness that caught the judge's attention, momentarily. But Hallen's appearance was not prepossessing. The cold judicial eye resumed.

"Was he drunk, officer? Had he been drinking?"

"I didn't smell nothing on his breath, your honor."

"Hallen, would you get out of this city within an hour if I let you go?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, get out!"

"If he had called me 'your honor,' I'd have given him three months," said the judge to the clerk below him. "The old-timers are always careful to say 'your honor.' Call the next one!"

A man without money can travel a long distance even in these sharp-eyed days, if he knows how, and has no tender sensibilities, and doesn't mind the accommo-

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to wonder why he thought of Foxlake as back, fought his way back, to Foxlake?"

dations that come first to flank. From Meriden to Hartford, from Hartford to Springfield, from Springfield to Worcester, Hallen made discreet use of what the itinerant fraternals jestingly call "side-door Pullmans."

Just out of Springfield he lay one night in a field and thought that he was going to die. His vitals seemed to be wrenched with a cruel hand, twisting, turning . . . and his bones ached, and he shivered. A slug of whiskey would have made him feel better; his system was craving its accustomed poison; but Hallen didn't know that, and thought he was dying. Instead of trying to remember how to pray, he contented himself with groaning, "I got to go home, home, home."

Which was, indeed, a kind of prayer.

Another friendly box-car lifted him from Worcester to Nashua, over the W. N. & P. division. In Nashua a truckman needed a lumper for a couple of days, and this made Hallen rich. He had five dollars for his rustling. A dizzy urge seized upon him to go into the ticket office, fist down the five dollar bill, and buy a ticket to Foxlake. If the agent sized him up, and demurred, he would say, "You've got to sell me a ticket! My money is as good as anybody's!" But, coming to sense, he bought a cheap safety razor and begged the use of a flagman's broken mirror to shave by. For seventy-five cents more he had heels put on his shoes, and the soles restitched. Whereupon he beat his way northward.

A night freight went on siding at Foxlake station, and a man let himself down to the ground from between two box-cars. It was Henry Hallen.

The station was deserted and dark, save for a flickering oil lamp at each end of the platform and a feeble light from the ticket office. Hallen went around in back of the station and craned his neck at a window so that he could make out the time by the clock in the ticket office. It was half-past one.

There was no moon. It was very dark. Down below him, where the village lay, Hallen could see, at regular intervals twinkling street lights. The locomotive of the freight train wheezed asthmatically, and one trainman shouted to another; aside from those noises, it was very still all around.

Hallen sat down on the edge of the platform, behind the station. "Home!" he murmured. "I'm home!"

And then, for the first time since he had fled from the back room of that Tenth Avenue saloon, it occurred to Hallen to wonder why he had thought of Foxlake as home. Why had he come back, begged his way back, fought his way back, to Foxlake? There was nobody here who had asked him to return. There was nobody who would want to see him. His father and mother were no longer here. The house where he was born was in other hands, sheltering other heads. And *she*—she who had bidden him good-speed, when, with his new suitcase, he had swung aboard the train four years ago, to make a place for himself in the world—she——

Hallen shivered. He had never once written to her. And it was just as well, too. Even a letter from such as he would smirch such a pure, fragrant soul as hers.

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Why had he come back to Foxlake?

Hallen did not know. He sat stupidly on the platform, in the darkness, wondering deeply.

Home! It was nothing but a mockery. There was no home for him, anywhere; least of all here, where he was known.

Indeed, he could not know why he had come back. It was only as a wounded animal crawls painfully toward its burrow; as a bird, with broken wing, flutters toward its nest. He had met Life, and Life had trampled him, crushed him, cast him aside like a scrapped thing. He was sick; sick with that gnawing, corrosive malady which leaves a man able to walk and work, and gives him semblance of ability up to the moment when he collapses and falls, a heap of clothes with nothing inside. His face was scarred with the marks of brawls, but the greatest scar lay back of his eyes: the scar of Failure. Thus, defeated, wounded, sick, Hallen had flown back to the only home he knew anything about, the place he had called Home when he was a child.

WITH a choking sob, Hallen pulled himself to his feet and started up the long hill that led from the railroad station to the higher ground, the hill-farms along the Wendover Road. In the utter darkness he needed no guideboard. In bare feet, as a boy, he had plodded up that hill a thousand times; and later, he had driven with the milk to the station, early mornings, over the same dirt road.

To the right, half way up the hill, was the town-farm or "poor-farm" as it used to be called before the selectmen decided to change its name, perhaps to spare the feelings of the inmates. In the town reports it was called the almshouse; but almshouse or poor-farm or town-farm, anyway Hallen could remember standing by the roadside and curiously watching the aged charges leisurely sunning themselves on the terraces, the old men with knotty sticks, the old women with knitting baskets in their laps—and he had envied them, child-like, because *they* had no kitchen wood to bring in, and no stupid dungfork to wield. Indeed in his youngest thoughts, he had aspired to be a happy pauper when he grew up.

He could not see the five great sugar maples that stood sentinels in front of the Perriton farm, next on the left up the hill, but he knew they were there. Next farm was Myron Packard's—he who kept the fine Jersey cattle, and had time to make roses bloom in the dooryard; and the next on the right was "Dirty" Dillingham's place, he who kept pigs in the front yard and cultivated ragweed. There were unkempt, ungrafted apple trees about here. Hallen could not see them; but he knew, if Dirty Dillingham still lived there, the trees were still unkempt and ungrafted.

Next on the left, back a little from the main road, was the Daniels farm, where *she* had lived; and at that spot, where Father Daniels' byroad turned in, there was a blackberry patch—the tall kind, with awful hooky spines that reach over and grab a little boy by the nape and shout, "Aha! I've got you now, sonny!" and scratch his legs, and redden his tongue. Mabel and he had eaten these blackberries to bursting, when they were ten years old, and then had sat under the hemlock, there, and speculated on what they would do when they were married. They had talked very freely, too, about their family. Henry was for having two sons and a daughter, all very tall and well favored. Mabel was for having two daughters and a son, the remark and pattern of the country round.

. . . And Hallen remembered that one day, when he started to discuss with Mabel *their* children, the little girl had suddenly given him a reproving look, and had said, sternly, "We must not talk that way any more. It isn't nice." And Henry had realized, somehow, that they had abruptly grown old, and that Mabel knew something about life that he didn't know; and that they mustn't talk about their prospective family any more.

Good God! It was not long ago!

Hallen stumbled along, with a melancholy sweat on his forehead. She was probably decently married by this time—she who had seen him off, with his new suitcase, that day at the station, and bidden him godspeed. How lovely she had been! She could never understand the least of all the evil things that had come to the boy with whom she once played.

The next farm was the one where he was born. The night air, before Hallen reached his old home, brought to him a scent of wild June roses. He knew where that odor came from. The roses grew by an old cellar-hole, grew rank like the raspberry shoots down among the bricks of the old chimney, where snakes and woodchucks lived. Just before you got to that cellar-hole, there was a woodsroad, which the lumbermen had built when they drew pulp logs that winter and spring; there was a big basswood tree there with the initials "H. H." cut in it. Hallen stopped at the very tree. He ran his hand over the bark and felt "H. H.," already blurred a little—and then he sat down and wept. The ground was warm and inviting. After a while he stretched himself out full length and went to sleep.

HALLEN was awakened by the rattling-by of a milk wagon and the abrasive voice of the driver. As Hallen was on the side of the hemlock away from the road, the driver did not observe him, though he might have seen him had he been looking for a man asleep behind the tree. After that wagon passed, there was the sound of another one following it to the milk train, and by that fact Hallen, without a watch, knew it to be about seven o'clock. He rose and stood undecided for a moment; and then, avoiding the road, he plunged into the woods.

This strip of woods, Hallen remembered, was about forty rods through, and then there was a broad expanse of ground, sometimes in crops and sometimes in grass, which belonged to the Daniels farm. Yes; soon he was at the edge of the woods. So far had the earliest pioneers cleared the land and no farther; and it had remained just so. It was a ten-acre lot; it was in potatoes; and Hallen saw that they were thrifty vines. They stood up well, with uncurled leaves, a little bluish here and there from their last spraying, and with there and here a yellow and black-striped beetle unconquered, eating at the edge of a leaf.

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"Just like Daniels' potatoes," murmured the man, "he was always a good farmer."

Then Hallen sat down on the margin, where the last furrow had been turned and stuck up irregularly all along. Just in front of him, between the third and fourth rows, he saw a hoe and an earthen jug; and it was plain from the weediness on one side of the hoe, and the cleanness of hills on the other, that the hoer had stopped just there, the evening before, and perhaps had forgotten the jug. Hallen rose and picked up hoe and jug and brought them over to the side. He felt that it was half full—took out the cork and drank. The water was cold, refreshing—there were drops of perspiration upon the sides.

Suddenly Hallen began to take off his shoes and stockings. He craved to get his bare feet upon that warm, dusty, friable soil. Indeed, he almost shouted with pleasure as he finally stood between the hoed rows, dug into the earth with his toes, felt the soft particles of loam ooze up between them. It felt so good! His heart beat trippingly. Was this Home—was this the thing that called him, that day in the back of the Tenth Avenue saloon?

Over his head, in one of the beech trees, two robins were having their second wooing of the season. Perhaps their voices lacked a little of the ardor of the April love; they had already raised one family, and knew that life is not one long sweet angle-worm. A little breeze, warm but zesty, was blowing—enough to bend the heads of the red-top grass along the verge of the potato field. It sought Hallen's neck, caressingly. He threw out his arms and drank deep of it.

"And I left all this—for all that!" he said, bitterly. "What a fool! How happy I could have been!"

As though to assure himself that he had not forgotten, Hallen picked up the hoe and began to work briskly along one of the rows, cutting the weeds out neatly with an edging thrust and pull, without touching the vines, then with a sweeping movement throwing a hoeful against the stalks of each hill. He had gone down the row at least thirty hills before he laughed a queer laugh, as though he had caught himself believing fairy stories, threw down the hoe and went back to the place where he had first sat. He buried his feet in the earth, then threw himself flat back with his hands under his head, and closed his eyes.

A MILLION lives were stirring within ten feet of his head. Every square foot of grass quivered with Life. The very sod upon which he lay with closed eyes seemed almost to rise and fall with the vitality of swarming existences, never seen with human eyes. Not only that—there was a healing, soothing, ministering Something which breathed forth from the earth into Hallen. He knew that he was absorbing it; he lay very quiet, as one afraid to break the spell. Every threadbare nerve, every tired, rebellious fibre in all his body ceased to struggle, gave itself up to rest. He, Henry Hallen, who had been bruised and buffeted in the market place, who had walked in unlovely places and jostled with pain, and filth, and disease, had come back to the Oldest Mother just in time. He knew it. He was still ragged, he was still stained and sorry; but he felt that one Henry Hallen had passed away and another was being born.

The sun climbed higher in the cloudless sky. He did not mind the heat of it. He felt hungry, but not for food. He was hungry for more and more of this inpouring Life. Then, amidst all the quietness, a mellow bell began tolling, down in Foxlake village, below. It was Sunday. He had not thought of that. That explained why the hoer had not returned to his hoe and jug, as Hallen was terribly afraid he would—afraid, but unwilling to stir.

Then he heard a woman's voice near him saying, "Harry! Harry! It—it can't be—you!"

Hallen did not dare open his eyes. It was *her* voice, but of course, it couldn't be she. It was impossible! He was dreaming—or worse.

But something rustled, close to him. He opened his eyes and looked up. She stood there, indeed, with frightened eyes, gazing into his face as though she, too, disbelieved in the reality of his presence.

"Mabel!" he gasped, springing to his feet and drawing back from her, lest he should sully her by a single touch.

THEY stood for a full minute, looking earnestly at each other. Hallen knew that it was she; yet she had changed. It seemed impossible that one could change like this. The roses had disappeared from her cheeks. Her eyes, which had laughed with abundant health and all the gayety of youthful enterprise, seemed to retreat from him, heavy-lidded, as he stared. The glorious yellow hair, which used to prank at loose, wild ends over her forehead and cheeks, was gathered severely in a knot at the back of her head, and smoothed in a faultless middle-aged fashion in front.

She wore a gingham dress, low at the neck, half-sleeved. He saw her bosom rise and fall, as her breath came unevenly, gustily; the blood, coursing swiftly along the veins of her neck, throbbed like a great central pulse.

"You never wrote to me, Harry!" she said, simply, breaking the terrible quiet. Her tone was not complaining. It was as though countless generations of women had ordained that this dart be flung first. All else was unimportant. He had not written to her.

"No," he replied, stupidly.

Man that he was, he thought she was assaying his frayed, misfit clothes, and his soiled, collarless shirt. He burned outwardly and froze inwardly, thinking that she was seeing his Failure. In God's name, why had he come back here, to show himself off as a scarecrow—a hideous, walking dead man?—was the thought that reeled through his mind.

But she came to him and laid a white hand on his sleeve, and looked into his eyes, and said softly, "I'm so glad to see you, Harry. I—I never expected to see you again. I'm so glad you came back."

"You don't know! You don't realize!" burst from him. Then he laughed a jeering laugh. "Look at me! Don't you see? I'm no good. Beaten! Whipped! Worthless! I don't know why I came back. I just came."

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"Then you didn't come back—to see—because——"

"Yes, I came back to see you," he said, quickly. He wondered whether that was a lie or not. Why had he come back? He didn't know. It might have been that, as well as anything.

They sat down at the edge of the plowed field. Hallen began to talk, dreamily; seeking to explain to himself, as much as anybody.

"I was in a saloon on Tenth Avenue——"

She shivered a little, in the warm sunlight, but made no comment.

"I was with a bad crowd. I'd got that low. We were drinking. I took to liquor when I lost my job, the first year away from here. I don't need to tell you that, Mabel. You can see—the marks of it on me."

For reply, she reached over and pressed his hand. "Yes?" came to him faintly.

"——This crowd—they were planning a robbery. I never did anything like that. I've done other things, but not crime. Something came over me. Something told me to come back here. I pitched down the whiskey and got out. I've been traveling toward here ever since. It must have been ten days ago I left New York. I got off a freight last night, down below. That's all. I've made a mess of it,"

"No, Harry, that isn't all," she offered, gently. "Tell me the rest."

"There's nothing else. You can see what I am. I didn't expect to see you. I didn't expect to see anybody."

"There is something else. Tell me."

HALLEN looked at the woman wonderingly. "No, there's nothing. I slept near the road, under a tree. I took off my shoes and stockings—there they are, over yonder—I don't know just why—the earth looked so good. I was feeling different when you came. I guess I was dreaming. I felt different."

"Yes, yes, you felt different." She spoke eagerly, as though there was something else she wanted him to say.

"Yes, I felt different. The trees—and everything. Yes, the sun and the grass—I forgot——"

"Yes—and you——" She plucked at his arm, and something of the old-time pleasure hovered in her eyes. He shook his head. He could not follow the cue. "I don't know what you're trying to get at, Mabel."

"I mean, weren't you thinking that you'd rather stay here, in Foxlake, than to go away again? Weren't you planning, just a little? Did you feel as though you'd been ill, very ill, a long time, and you were looking forward to getting better—you were already feeling the itch to get back to work? Was it anything like that, Harry?"

"Yes," he replied, in a hoarse whisper. "I did think of that. But it's too late. It's too late now."

"Oh, it's not too late, Harry? Oh, don't say that! You don't know——"

"Look at me!" he interrupted, bitterly. "I don't see how you can sit here and talk to a—a—thing that looks like me."

"I don't see your clothes. I don't see them. I see just you, Harry. You've come home. I used to wonder, evenings, sitting on our porch, whether you'd come home. I didn't think you'd like the city very much. I remembered what fine times we had, and how we loved the birds and trees and the sunlight, and the garden, and everything, and I hoped you'd not like the city well enough to stay away. Oh, I was selfish. I hoped—I hoped you wouldn't succeed."

"Well, I didn't," he added, with that blunt, unpoetic honesty of the country.

"You must stay here in Foxlake," the woman went on. Her cheeks burned with something besides sunshine, and her eyes gleamed within the circles of their dull, bluish settings. "You must stay now that you're here, Harry. You can't go away. You mustn't. I know what brought you back. It wasn't to see me! Oh, no, that was a fib, Harry. It was nice of you to say that to me, but it wasn't the reason. You were tired of it all, down there. You were hurt—and you ran home—the way we used to do when we were children, you know.

"You wanted to throw yourself down under the trees again, and rest; and you wanted to put your bare feet on the ground again, and breathe this air, and work in the fields and drink from Roaring Brook——"

"Oh, don't, Mabel!"

"Ah, you did feel that way, Harry! I know. I saw you lying here, as I was crossing through the field. I was curious to know who it was, so I came over. Somehow, before I saw your face, I knew it was you. We know people by just their *wholeness*, don't we? I didn't know whether you were asleep or not; but there was something on your face that told me you were happy—just then. I knew what it was. You were dreaming dreams."

"I wasn't asleep."

"No, but you were dreaming. I saw you smile a little. You were thinking that there might be some little farm near here that you could get a chance to take on shares, or something like that. You were thinking of having a horse, and a cow, and some hens and chickens; and you were wondering if some day, after you'd forgotten all those ugly unpleasant things, somebody should come along who didn't mind what you had been, but only loved you a little—and ——"

Hallen seized her hand, almost roughly. "How do you know? How—do you know what I was thinking? You're—you're punishing me this way—for going away——"

"Punishing you? Oh, Harry! I just want to help you, that's all."

HE SHOOK his head, uncomprehendingly. "You don't understand, Mabel. You're too good—too pure and innocent—to understand. You think I'm just rags outside. I'm rags inside, God help me!"

"I do understand. I—I wish I didn't. I wish I didn't. Look!"

She lifted the hemmed edge of her dress and pointed down.

Hallen looked down and saw, for the first time, that her feet were as bare as his own. He looked up again, into her eyes, questioningly.

"Don't you understand, Harry? Don't you understand that I wanted to feel the touch of the warm earth, too? Have you really looked at me? Haven't you guessed that I've just come back home?"

"Just —come—back—home? You've been away from Foxlake?"

"Three years and a half. I came back last week. I left home not long after you went away. Oh, it is so good to be home! Every day since I came back, I've spent hours lying out here, by the side of this field —just coming back to Life. That's how I knew what you were thinking, lying there with your eyes closed."

"You've been away." Hallen spoke the words dully enough. Never had he once thought it possible she could be otherwhere than in Foxlake.

"Yes, in New York."

In New York! Three years and a half they had been both in New York, and he had never seen her. The pitiless vastness of the city came over him with crushing force. Perhaps they had passed in the surging crowds, without seeing each other. Perhaps more than once.

So Hallen looked at her whom he had loved and forgotten, and tried to picture her as she was on the station platform that day. He tried to put back the bloom—tried to transplant it by force of memory—to her cheeks, tried to recreate the laughing lips and eyes, and the well-nourished fullness of body. A great wave of tenderness enveloped him. He had never had a feeling like that. He no longer pitied himself. He no longer thought of himself. He thought only of her.

He clasped both her hands tightly in one of his.

"I want you to know," she went on brokenly. "It is only fair. I have failed, too, Harry. I have been hurt down there. It was nobody's fault but mine. I'm not as I was when you saw me last. But—I didn't do that terrible thing. I didn't sell myself —not that! God, I nearly did that. But something called to me just in time, as it called to you, and I ran away from it all. I guess, Harry, there is something good down deep in us both that saved us. We both came back before it was too late.

"I feel so much better already," the girl went on, with the forward-looking wisdom of woman. "The woods and the fields and the birds and the sunshine have made me almost well, Harry. Don't you feel that they do something to you, too?"

"I do feel it," he assented, with wistful eagerness. "It's wonderful."

Hallen put his arm around her waist, and she put her head upon his shoulder. They sat there, without stirring, a long time.

They were strayed children, come home. A great kiss of welcome, in the breeze and sunshine, touched them lightly on the cheeks. They knew that it was not for them alone, but was impartially for all strayed children like them.

With closed eyes, half asleep, they nestled close to each other, with a warm content, and the Oldest Mother reached forth and took them into her arms and cuddled them against her great warm, forgiving breast

THE YOUNG EARTH

By Liberty H. Bailey

THE fields were parched with summer's heat
The life and green from swamps had fled
The dry grass crunched beneath the feet
And August leaves dropped stiff and dead.

Then light south winds 'cross wood and shore
Brought cooling clouds and slow sweet rain,
And hills and crops were new once more
And grasses greened on marsh and plain

So swift the magic sent its spell
Through burning corn and pastures dumb,
'Twas clear the world had rested well
Against the time when rain should come.

So virile is this earth of brawn
So quick with life its soil is stung,
A million years have come and gone
And still it rises green and young

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THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS

By Coningsby Dawson

Author of "The Glory of the Trenches," "Living Bayonets," etc.

TO-DAY was a great day in London. The Guards' Division was inspected by the King at Buckingham Palace and had a triumphant march to welcome them home. We saw the parade from the curb opposite to Bath House. The waiting throngs were nearly as wonderful as the procession. They were composed of hospital chappies in their blue uniforms; demobilized men with their ribbons and wound stripes on civil clothes; Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, American, soldier-girls in their various uniforms, and mutilated men of all the services. The trees of the park were dense with sailors who had climbed into the branches to get a better look-out. Everyone was immensely cheery and kindly—there was no ugly and selfish shoving. The police were especially considerate in allowing wounded men to occupy the islands in the middle of the road where there was no chance of their being hustled. East End and West End rubbed shoulders to-day and showed the same respect for each other that not so long ago they had shown in the trenches.

Presently, approaching from the Circus, we heard a military band. Then we saw the city police leading the procession. With a deluge of brazen music, playing a march which had often led us into battle, the Guards were upon us. You may think there was shouting; there wasn't. I don't know why other people were silent—all I know is that the lump was too big in my throat for me to shout. Such tired faces! Some were too haggard for words. Others looked puffed with years of concussion and sleeplessness. All looked stoically indifferent and tragic. They had gazed on death and the gray monotony of hell. London had turned out to do them honor. Very nice of London, but London could never understand. Loos seemed a century away from us to-day; but ever since Loos these men had been there, tortured, dead with cold, mad with thirst, deafened by shells, seeing their comrades' bodies smeared across the landscape. They had never expected that the ordeal would end. And now that it had ended, London wanted them to march for its pleasure. London had done better to have given them its beds—and London, watching their weary bodies, marching upright and mechanically, felt that, and did not shout. Behind each battalion shuffled the wounded men and behind them, in lorries, those who were maimed for life by their adventures. The bands might play their martial music; but here, plain for every one to see, was the nemesis of military glory. They wore ribbons on their breasts, it was true; but where was the youth of these young men and their reckless, defiant handsomeness? Their shoulders were bowed—there was hardly a six-foot man in a regiment. Before the war six foot was the standard of the Guards; no man was admitted under that. And the officers—the swells of aristocratic Britain—were just as crushed and puny. It was as though their head and shoulders had been telescoped into their chests by an immensely heavy burden. And these were the Guards, the crack fighting division of the British Armies—the equals of the Dominion troops and the Highlanders, whom the Huns most dreaded. The tragedy of war, the pathos, the simple splendor of steadfastness to duty was here exampled, but not the glory. Christ was not glorious when He bore the cross on the road to Calvary. He was heroic, yes—but not glorious. Had one stood in the crowd which watched Him, he would not have shouted. And so it was with us to-day—sacrifice does not call for cheers.

I am glad that the Guards showed themselves, for they wrung the heart of England. They went away so tall—such splendid animals. England knows now what the victory has cost her fighting men. Applause will not make them young again, nor grow fresh limbs on their bodies, nor put eyes back into sockets which are empty, nor cause the dead to rise out of their nameless graves and walk. Only love can make amends for what they have lost.

At the head of each regiment wreaths were carried on furled banners in remembrance of the comrades who would march no more. If the world would praise them, it must live out the love of their sacrifice for remembrance. Wherever we march, through whatever cities of the future, the love of their example must lead us.

The Guards have come back, as Christ came back from Calvary; the marks of their dying are upon them.

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"Two bands alternated and the dancers changed from one-step to fox-trot and back again with barely a pause for breath"

THE GERMAN DANCE OF DEATH

By Charles J. Rosebault

Special Correspondent for THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE *to Austria and Germany*

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

MAKE the most of to-day; to-morrow — who knows? Expressed or subconscious, this was the thought which guided millions of Germans through the feverish period between the Armistice and the stern Judgment Day of Versailles. The dream of *Wellmacht* had ended in the nightmare of *Untergang*. In the Paris which was to have been the playground of their supermen the executioner was sharpening his axe and there was little doubt that he would cut clean. So the Book of the Future was closed. To make the most of the present became the obsession of a people once noted for far-sighted ambitions. Excepting those driven to helpless apathy by long-continued privation, the great mass threw prudence and traditions to the winds. The Germany that had typified frugality, that had patiently reversed and re-pasted the used envelope, became a spendthrift. On all sides one heard the refrain, sometimes in boast, more often in resignation: "Of course, I am eating up my capital; one must live." The new madness embraced all sorts and conditions. It suggested strongly the Dance of Death, as imagined by the pious mediaeval painters.

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In Berlin I was invited to luncheon by a lawyer of some prominence. That same day I had seen an old pedagogue, who for fifty years had been an official in the educational department of the Prussian Government, break down and cry bitterly in discussing the death rate among the children, due to malnutrition. Mothers could no longer nourish their offspring. Thirty per cent. of those born in wedlock, and fifty per cent. of the illegitimate, died at birth. Possibly this was an exaggeration. I had heard elsewhere that the average death rate of infants was twenty per cent. But there could be no doubt that it was abnormal. At the table of my host there was no suggestion of the prevailing privation. We began with oysters from Holland. There followed soup, a delicious roast of veal, potatoes and other fresh vegetables, salad, a variety of pastry, including cakes made of the delicate *Splitterteig*, which expresses the highest art of the pastry cook and contains butter, eggs, sugar, and condiments almost unobtainable in any of the cities of the Central Empires, and real coffee with real cream.

"We no longer consider cost," explained my host. "My wife scours the city and the suburbs for food. She never dickers about price. She lets all dealers know that they may rely upon her buying whatever they have to offer. Our friends do the same. If one has a surplus the others will take it. Our table is always like this."

SOME nights later I was a guest at the most popular of the gay restaurants. We dined luxuriously, considering the conditions. My host knew the proprietor, who had reserved for us all his tid-bits. We drank some of the awful German champagne, all of the real article stolen from France having been consumed or hidden in the cellars of the Junkers. There were five of us and the bill was eight hundred marks.

After dinner we sat in a box and watched the dancing in a great hall, garishly decorated and brilliantly lighted, although the Government was daily exhorting economy of fuel and electricity. At nine thirty the hall was in eclipse for a moment. Police regulations had cut off the electricity at this hour. The music and the dancing stopped abruptly. There were delirious cries from the women on the floor, cries which might be expected from interrupted saturnalia. Then new lights flashed out in blinding glare—huge acetylene lamps provided by the owners of the hall from their own plant and therefore not affected by the government prohibition.

I have never witnessed such dancing, although I had supposed that every possible variation had been supplied by the restaurants, hotels, and cabarets of New York. Not only was it fast and furious, but there was no perceptible pause. Two bands alternated and the dancers changed from one-step to fox-trot and back again with barely a pause for breath. I grew tired and weary in watching but these men and women, youths and girls, appeared to be exhaustless.

"Remember," said my host, "that dancing was forbidden for more than four years. Many of those girls never danced before."

But that was not sufficient to explain the character of the dancing. With all the abandon there was little of real joy or gaiety. The fever of motion was there and the spirit of mockery. Likewise a suggestion of degeneracy. Strange contortions were introduced into the figures. The women especially gave themselves up to furious and often unpleasant extravagances. And all the time the huge dancing space was so packed that one could but wonder that there were not constant collisions.

One of our party voiced his disgust—not at the dancing but at the character of the participants. These were not the women who once had made the place famous. These were just common bourgeoise, caught in the universal madness, the wives and daughters of plain trades-people, with a few Bohemiennes and women of the streets. The cleverly made-up and expensively gowned demi-mondaines were conspicuously absent. Doubtless they and their fashionable companions were at the gambling clubs.

Spiel-holle these were called all over Germany and Austria, and they had become fashionable rendezvous for all the smart people and the *nouveaux riches*. The latter, after piling up huge fortunes in various kinds of war profiteering, were in desperate straits. There were so few ways left open to spend their money. Real champagne could not be bought. Consumption of gasolene was limited legally, and touring was impossible anyhow. What remained? Jewelry, yes. They invested heavily there. But one could not build palaces, for the raw materials were lacking. Also the right kind of clothing and dresses, furs and lingerie. So they took to gambling—and the less fortunate were drawn along. Gambling "clubs" sprang up in all the large cities, with Berlin and Vienna far in the lead. Everybody with money to spend was inundated with invitations to become a member of this, that, and the other "club." Special delivery letters and even telegrams were sent out by the thousands. Nearly everybody responded, too. Roulette, baccarat, and *rouge et noir* supplied the necessary exhilaration as well as nepenthe. Besides, one could find good things to eat at these clubs, if anywhere.

VERBOTEN, once the shibboleth of authority, apparently had been removed from the dictionary. Laws appeared to exist only to be mocked at. The Anglo-Saxon code of morals had never appealed to the Germans, but in these days erotomania ran riot as never before. The stage reeked with plays that even the Berlin censor had banned. The most prominent corner in Vienna, where the Karntner and the Ring strassen meet, witnessed each night the gambols of the satyrs. Most of that city's streets were plunged in darkness, but here flared a powerful arc light, and here gathered shamelessly libertines of all ages to appraise the passing women of the streets. Respectable and exclusive society, coming from the opera across the square, had to force its way through the mocking, cynical throng.

Naturally, disregard of law, of morals, and of decency among the rich had its reflex where enforced idleness and malnutrition combined to devitalize. If the former were hopeless as to the morrow, the latter were

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"Gambling 'clubs' sprang up in all the large cities of the Central Empires with Berlin and Vienna far in the lead"

in the depths of gloomy despond in the present. As was remarked by one psychologist, in the long run people must have more than the bare necessities of life. Some pleasure is essential to the maintenance of morale. These people had long been deprived of those little comforts which had been the foundation of German hospitality—tea, coffee, and beer. Social pleasures were no longer possible. Every day saw the sordid struggle for food enough to live. And now the restraints of respectability were breaking down.

The prevailing sense of insecurity heightened the recklessness. To-morrow might see an upheaval which would destroy all that remained of the world of yesterday. One had an uncanny feeling that danger lurked in every shadow, that quiet streets held hidden menace. Never did I leave an acquaintance after dark all the time I remained in Berlin without his saying, "*Komm gut nach Haus*," in the same tone and spirit as one would wish safety to a friend departing for the heart of Africa.

One evening I went to Charlottenburg to visit an eminent philosopher and scientist. It was only nine o'clock, yet I found him waiting for me on the street before his home. He carried a heavy cane, tightly clasped about the middle, his eyes were glancing cautiously up and down the ill-lit street. Until we entered his apartment he remained distrait and nervous.

"Last night they broke into the apartment below," he said. "The night before they were across the street. Every night they are somewhere. And everywhere they feast and drink. They are not like the thieves of other days. Often they leave valuables untouched. Do you realize what that means? It is not the professional criminal who operates like that."

This fear that the submerged might pursue the methods of the outlaws was not without seeming justification. Evil characters prowled in the darkness and hawked their plunder boldly in the daylight. After the Spartacists had looted the Kaiser's Berlin palace they sold his art treasures in the Alexanderplatz. While the élite were gambling in the clubs, three-card-monte and its equivalents were played under the noses of the police in the public thoroughfares. A motley crowd, of which many wore stolen garments, surrounded every gambler, often blocking the pavements. In Budapest the unemployed, supported by government bounty, were selling cigarettes, stolen from government warehouses, in the most frequented streets.

Crimes of violence were so common as to attract only passing attention. All Berlin laughed when it heard that a man had been held up on the Friedrichstrasse at midnight and deliberately stripped of all his valuables. Before the war it had been the boast of Berlin that the Friedrichstrasse was as frequented at midnight as at noon. That was evidence of the metropolitan character of the city—of its being a real world capital. Consequently the street had always been well policed. And now it was in the grip of highwaymen!

In the quiet residence streets the prudent ventured forth after dark only when they had to. Reputable citizens had surrendered all weapons in obedience to the new laws. That had made it easy for reckless youths to start revolutions in Munich, Frankfort, and other places. It likewise made it safe for footpads to ply

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their trade. Like the housebreakers, these discriminated in favor of the immediately useful. Victims were compelled to surrender shoes invariably. There were not a few instances where they had to strip to the skin and reached their homes half frozen.

In the country robberies were so frequent that protests were heard in the Reichstag. The farmers organized for mutual defense and demanded the right to keep arms in their homes. They maintained night vigils and made it uncomfortable for strangers after dark.

In the old days the average Teuton had been willing to cringe to his superior, provided only he might bully an inferior—if nobody else, his wife and children; but class distinctions were mocked at now. The lieutenants, who had jostled everybody from the pavement, wore civilian clothes when they had them and tried to be inconspicuous when they had to wear uniforms. Often the insignia of rank had been removed; not infrequently it had been torn from their shoulders by resentful mobs. A noted woman philanthropist had her motor stopped by a group of idle workmen. "This will not be longer allowed," said the leader. "We are not going to permit riding in motors." And this was in kindly Vienna! When I complained that a Berlin chauffeur had charged me twenty marks where the fare should have been six, I was told that I was lucky that he had not hit me over the head. It was a common occurrence for holders of third-class tickets to crowd into first-class railway carriages and dispute the right of the conductor to remove them. In one such case I overheard a youth say to the first-class passenger who protested at the over-crowding, "You just wait. When I get my crowd we'll pound the life out of you."

On the train which carried me from Munich to Berlin were two citizens of Halle, a typical German university town, tranquil and well-ordered in pre-war days. One had been an officer in the Prussian Reserve; the other was a type of the Prussian merchant, hard, self-assertive, and self-confident. They were discussing recent happenings at home. Said the merchant: "The other night half a dozen fellows came to the house of my neighbor. They had their faces blackened, but he recognized several. They were his own employees. They made him wait on them with wine and cake. Then they killed his calf and divided it. They also took all his provisions and five thousand marks. He went to the police next day and they arrested those he complained against—but they let them get away again." His companion laughed cynically. "The police and those new soldiers!" he exclaimed derisively. "I don't want any near me. Wherever they are stationed there will be the most crimes." "And the judges!" added the merchant. "They had seven witnesses against a young jail-bird, who was caught redhanded. The police were honest that time. But the judge was afraid, because the fellow is a leader with the Spartacists. So he found the evidence insufficient." Violence had not been lacking. The officer mentioned two of his neighbors whose skulls had been beaten in.

In Berlin an ex-army colonel had organized a small

"The footpads discriminated in favor of the useful. Victims were compelled to surrender their shoes invariably"

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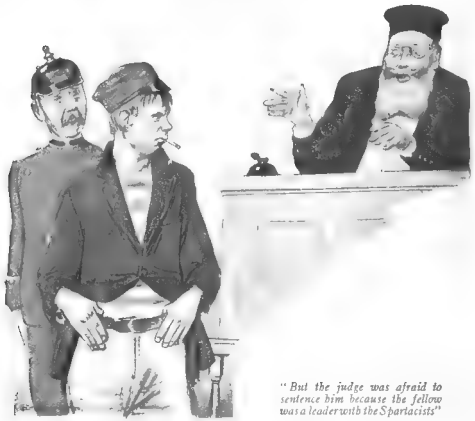
army of veteran officers and soldiers, and held them under rigid discipline, but elsewhere the soldiers enlisted for the protection of the people were regarded with doubt and fear. In Austria, especially, they were considered as mercenaries of the government leaders, untrustworthy and ready to join in any looting. In Baden, not far from Vienna, the inhabitants were in a state of constant panic because of their thefts and extortions. Numerous stories were told in Vienna of men in uniform going to homes ostensibly for official inspections and carrying away all the food they could find.

Even the civilian officials were accused. This was the most serious charge of all. It was an accusation against the innermost shrine of German probity. The petty official might have been stupid, conceited, and obstinate, but his honor had been regarded as sacred. But from all sides came the assertion that his morale had been undermined. Unable to live on his income he had succumbed to hunger—either his own or that of his family. Throughout Berlin and Vienna one heard tales of cars loaded with provisions under official inspection, and officially sealed, arriving at their destinations half empty. Meat intended for public sale or the public kitchens had the fat removed and even the marrow extracted from the bones. Vast quantities of food were stolen directly or by connivance. One of the Vienna public markets was almost demolished by enraged women, who had come in response to a government announcement that there would finally be some meat for sale, only to find the stalls empty because of official plundering.

Clothing, shoes, and other useful articles in the army equipment disappeared likewise. In Berlin they had a story of a street pedlar selling cakes of government soap at extravagant prices—if any price could be regarded as extravagant for an article not obtainable otherwise. When the fortunate buyers got down to the middle of the soap they encountered a hard substance which proved to be a twenty-mark gold piece! Some government treasury official had evidently hoped to get away with some of the famous reserve.

"How will it end?" I asked my philosopher friend.

"This is no time for prophecy," he returned solemnly. "The world is ill and doctors disagree about the diagnosis and the cure. You conquerors call it Germanophobia and wish to apply the knife or the bludgeon. Across our border the terrorists, wading through seas of blood, tell us that Capitalism is the curse and must be extirpated, so that the wholesome Rule of the Proletariat may restore us to health. We have lost our balance and stand helpless. Our wise men thought that Democracy might be the saviour, but it has been here for some months and we seem to be going from bad to worse. The test will come when peace is finally signed and our workers have the chance to resume the old orderly industrial life. If they fail us then all will be lost. And the ruin of sixty-five millions of normally efficient people will not leave the rest of the world untouched."



"But the judge was afraid to sentence him because the fellow was a leader with the Spartacists"

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AMERICANISMS

By Angelo Patri

FOR ALL

AMERICA was born in the schoolhouse.

Out of the school comes the spirit that keeps and makes America young, vigorous, true, unspoiled by wealth, by power, by hugeness.

Years ago a little band of people landed on the shores of America, three thousand miles from home. They came that they might found a new land in freedom. They had a new idea of the rights of man.

Then a group came from Holland. One came from France. By and by there was a long line of settlements along the Atlantic coast. They were all founded on this new idea—the right of people to govern themselves. Then more and more people came, until there were people from every land in the world, and America was a land that stretched from ocean to ocean and held a hundred million people.

And in every town, as it started, the people built a schoolhouse and all the children went to school. The children studied the rights of man along with their reading, writing, and arithmetic. They saluted the flag and pledged allegiance to the United States of America and what it stood for—"Liberty and Justice for all."

"The school follows the flag," the people said, and they built great universities of steel and stone in the great cities. On the top of each university there was an American flag. They built frame schoolhouses in the remotest corners of the forest, and on the top of each schoolhouse there was an American flag.

And every man, woman, and child in America was trained to the idea, "Liberty and Justice for all."

When the great war came America went in—every man, woman, and child went in. We couldn't do anything else. We were Americans. We were trained in American schools. When we saw the old idea that "Might makes Right" threatening the world, we rose and stood as one. "Liberty and Justice for all."

The war over, the people turned back for the job of peace. The soldiers, the nurses, came home. The men and women came out of the factories. The thing they had left home and friends for, the thing they had worked and prayed for, the thing they had learned as children in the log schools and in the great universities, was still true—"Liberty and Justice for all."

"For all."

COURAGE—THAT'S YOU!

AMERICA means courage!

Not the courage of kings and knights, but the courage of common people—plain folks—workers of the world, laborers, miners, bakers, shoemakers, farmers, lawyers, doctors, merchants. Not the courage of one ancestry, of one race, but the courage of every ancestry, of every race—Russia, Poland, Italy, France, Germany, England.

It has been so from the very beginning. There were the discoverers and the explorers—Columbus, Drake, and the rest. How they pushed on and suffered and made the way.

That's a story of Courage!

There were the settlers and the colonists—Smith, Roger Williams, Penn, Adams, Jefferson, Washington, and the rest. How they held on and suffered and fought and built up a democratic government.

That's a story of Courage!

There were the great hosts of immigrants—plain people from all quarters of the globe. How they came—speaking no word of English—and understood and became one with the spirit of America.

That's a story of Courage!

There were the children of the discoverers, of the explorers, of the settlers, of the fathers of the nation, of Lincoln and his people; there were the children of the slaves, of the Indians, of the immigrants, Italian, Greek and all the rest. How they set sail eastward across the sea, not as Italians, Jews, Englishmen, but as Americans, and they fought and died and smiled to set men free.

That's a story of Courage!

Courage to live in simplicity, in directness, in truth, in honesty.

Courage to believe in folks, just folks—teacher, father, mother, friends, neighbors, strangers far and near, the known and the unknown.

You, the children of America, are born of this courage.

Courage—always courage. That's America—that's you!

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THE DOUGHBOY

By Ida M. Tarbell

IT IS he who, from the start, has been closest to us. He has amazed, abashed, ennobled, and humbled us in turn, and the more we saw of him, the more deeply did he fix himself in our hearts. He came to us like a revelation—a revelation of the country. In him we saw not only its power and vigor, but often its doubted capacity to take training, to submit to control, to be at once free and obedient. We bent the knee before this splendid creature in whom we suddenly sensed the dreamed-of American manhood.

And if he had power and control, they were unconscious expressions of what he was: and with them went other unconscious expressions, all the frailties and humors of the natural human being. This doughboy would go day in and day out on the march, into battle, reckless of danger, set only on finishing the job that had been given him to do, uncomplaining, cheerful, unselfish—but give him leisure, regular meals, and his cigarettes, and he would lie on his back and kick at every thing human that touched him, from the high command down to the Frenchman whom he was cheerfully offering his life to help. His grouch was a proof of well being. "The boys are all right," an officer would say. "Hear them grumbling about their food."

He had the heart of a child. He would take a city, and in ten minutes after the infernal grapple was done, would be hunting for souvenirs. He would make a march of days; and an hour after he was billeted, would be out searching a child for a companion. He fought his way through the Argonne and wakened up the morning after the Armistice to say to his buddy, "You can't guess what I dreamed about last night." And the answer came straight: "Huh! You dreamed about home. So did I." And from the day of the Armistice to this, this powerful fighting lad has dreamed only of home.

And yet he has "carried on." Fetching and carrying have fallen to his lot, waiting on men and beasts, guarding dull street corners, looking after lost baggage, running errands for a peace conference. He hated it—oh, how he hated it—but he knew it belonged, and carried on.

Again and again a passionate pity for him has seized us. He is strong and yet so childlike, so enduring and yet so suffering; and with this pity has gone a certain fear and wonder at something which seemed to be higher than anything in ourselves—a look in his eyes. And we are not the only ones who have seen it. A great French surgeon, under whose hand scores of our boys had gone, a silent man as a rule, said once to an American nurse, "There's something in them I have never seen in men or women before, something in their eyes. I don't know whether it's your Monroe Doctrine, or President Wilson, or God Almighty; but they have something that other men have not." What the doctor saw was the soul of America.

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THE HIGHBROW DOUGHBOY

By William Allen White

OUR soldiers are sent to war. They see the world. They get the broadening influence of travel. They are sent, too, to school, to college. Will not this generation produce the most intelligent and the most public-spirited men America has ever had? Is not the future golden in its promise?

TWO hundred and fifty thousand American boys, of an average of twenty-five years, have gone to school in France this year. The figures come from General Reeves, Director of Military Education in France. These students were entered in an educational system which took them from the primer to a doctor's degree.

The system was this. In each army post in France was established a school where men might learn to read and write, and it was practically a system of compulsory education for illiterates. Men were supposed to be able to read and write in English before they returned to America. In the post schools, also, training was given in elementary branches up to and including the eighth grade. In these schools all sorts of primary handwork were taught, drawing, carpentering, and the simpler kinds of handwork. But in the divisional schools vocational work of real importance was given together with instruction in books of a high school grade.

It was in the divisional schools that one finds how curiously parallel are the equipment of a college and an army. For right at hand in the army lay the equipment and the instructing force necessary to produce a good vocational school. More than six thousand American boys went to these divisional schools, where the engineering corps taught land surveying, carpentering, and road making; the signal corps taught telegraphy, wireless, and telephone construction and operation; the field artillery taught horse-shoeing; the sanitary train taught cooking, nursing, baking, and hygiene, the divisional supply train taught motor construction and repairing and the principles of gas engines; and the tailor and barber shops taught their respective trades. The men studying in the divisional schools also had work of a high school grade in mathematics, in history, in English, and in citizenship.

This work was done with the soldier in camp. But the grade next beyond the high school was done at the American Expeditionary Force University at Beaune, near Dijon. It was a remarkable educational experiment. And this experiment also showed how closely the equipment of an army and a modern university were interlocked. The A. E. F. University at Beaune is located just outside of the town in a great base hospital, built in 1917 by the Americans and used last year constantly. As the sick moved out, the students moved in. Acres and acres of buildings of the barracks construction type, filled with wounded, were converted by general order into barracks for students. Moreover, as it became necessary to extend the University, more barracks from other abandoned hospitals were torn down, shipped to Beaune, and reconstructed at the rate of eight a day. Great airdromes would go up end to end for an amusement palace; or, perhaps, steel bull dromes would be used for waterproof store-houses for scientific apparatus. And of the apparatus it is remarkable how the needs of any army and a college coincide.

The A. E. F. University had fifty surveying transits under one steel roof and few American universities have half that number. The chemical department of the University had all the material it needed taken from the army supplies, and that at a time when universities at home found it difficult to get enough chemicals to keep the laboratories going. Sixty-two tons of ruled scratch paper were rescued from the army salvage dump by the President of the University, and airplanes and motor engines and medical supplies and dental equipment for the various departments of the University came in from the army in carload lots for the asking. The whole University, with a physical equipment rarely equalled by an American university, and certainly not by any European university, was assembled —buildings, instruments, material—without costing the American Government a penny, so closely did the army and the University parallel their material sides.

And the parallel goes farther; the teaching force of the University came out of the army, for the most part. The training for an officer and for a college professor are much the same! So a colonel in the army—Colonel Ira L. Reeves, President of the A. E. F. University—took the jump from a fighting regiment in the 35th Division without hitch or hesitation, and did a splendid job.

Stop and consider this college president a moment, for he is typically American, a native Missourian, a graduate of an interior college in the Middle West—Purdue, Indiana. He enlisted in the United States army as a buck private in the early nineties, was com-

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At a negro "Post School" of the A. E. F. At these Post Schools a man could study anything from his A, B, C's to preparatory courses for college

missioned by President McKinley in the Spanish-American war, with a record for bravery in the Philippines, an instructor in various American colleges in military tactics, author of several accepted texts upon military administration in colleges, taken from the faculty of a military school in Vermont older than West Point to Washington, during 1917, by the American Government to go through the War Department at Washington and bring order out of chaos. Colonel Reeves was then transferred to Europe with a combat division. What an American record! And what a college president!

And what a college he made! A great wilderness of low-lying one-story buildings, some with cement and tile sides, some with yellow pine walls, and all with black tar roofs. In the wilderness streets set out in rectangles and squares, great open courts—quite regular in form—and gravel-covered roads rising fifteen inches above the drainage gutters on each side. Walks from the roads to the square buildings marked with yellow rocks and gravel, and in many cases dwarf evergreens set in front of the buildings. Blue grass planted in the squares and area ways and, beyond, a forty-acre field for athletics with half a dozen baseball diamonds on it; also with a score of tennis courts, and basket-ball fields and football gridirons, running tracks—straightaway and circular—and every kind of outdoor sport provided for. Beyond in another little town in the distance was situated the School of Agriculture—also made from hospital buildings, laid out as the University campus. There where the A. E. F. University lay on the flat plain just outside of Beaune, thousands of acres of vineyards were destroyed to make it, and stubble from the vineyard infested all the barren places of the campus. And there six thousand American students took accredited college work last spring

They might be found in large congregations in the College Library. Note the library: five long, low, rectangular buildings, beginning with a concrete walled hospital and ending with a yellow pine barracks, each connected with the other by a cross hall, the whole forming two capital H's and an extra half. The walls inside remained rough concrete or yellow pine. Bare undressed rafters and joists upon which rest flat gray boards used once for cement rose above the barren walls. The floors were rough cement without the top dressing. The book-racks were pine, but planed, though innocent of paint. Pine camp chairs filled the vacant floor areas above the book-racks, and the various hospital rooms and barracks formation seated five thousand men. Each section of the library was devoted to the books of the one school; as for instance, engineering, fine arts, medicine, law, letters, or agriculture.

A member of the faculty was always present among the books of his department to guide the men in their studies.

It was the 25,000 books scattered about that looked out of place. They had been selected carefully by the faculty for university service and made really a more important library for college uses than one twice the size, filled with books outdated and donated by widows of worthy trustees.

In among these books in this setting the students could be found at all times. And this A. E. F. Univer-

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sity student was the highbrow doughboy. His average age was twenty-five; he was rather above the freshman, but not through his sophomore year, on the average. His average rank was between top sergeant and second lieutenant, though he ran as high as major in many cases and as low as Mr. Buck Private, in others. He was from every academic institution in America, and from every state and territory in the Union. He was white, black, brown, and red in race and color, with the neutral tints lying between the fast colors! But he was democratic to the core. The major went to class with the corporal, and the buck private could often be found seated at the teacher's desk hearing lessons of the class of officers and enlisted men. They messed and slept in separate quarters—the officers together and the enlisted men by themselves; but in the student activities the university men knew no caste nor creed.

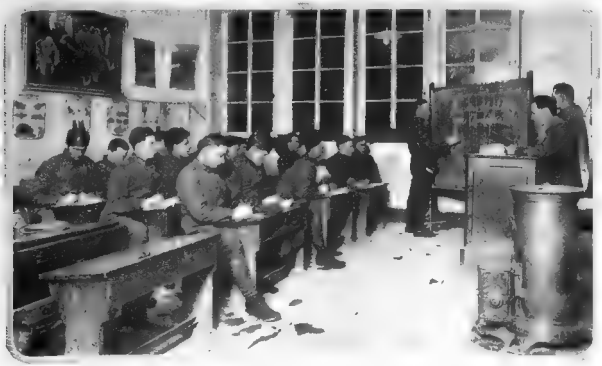
For the men were not under rigid military discipline. They could go to Beaune without passes, and they were put upon their honor in matters of conduct as students of other universities go to adjoining towns. A certain per cent. of these students appeared at the University with no other purpose in mind than to get away from drill; but generally they came to scoff and remained to pray. But these who came to avoid military duty were a negligible per cent. The crowds that jammed the library during the first weeks of the University, sitting on the floor when the chairs ran out, eagerly seeking books of a serious nature, hurrying across the mud puddles that dotted the campus in those first days, standing in class rooms when necessary, and eagerly gulping information at the springs of knowledge like famished pups, proved the good need of the University in the scheme of things.

It may interest the reader to know the kinds of books which attracted the boys most. First came books on supernatural phenomenon—ghosts and things—then abstract philosophy, then texts of the lines of study before them. One may guess what filled the long hours in the trenches and in dreary billets in broken villages in France—what speculations upon the soul's destiny, upon the meaning of life, upon man's place in the cosmos. But the boys did not ask for religious books, nor books on dogma, nor creeds. They were plumbing deeper than creeds and dogmas out there on the edge of life.

The men outside of Beaune in the American Army were reading thousands of books. Here is a list of subjects most asked for by the American soldiers through the American Library Association Mail Department at Paris. The list is arranged in the order of the demand:

Business; history and biography, politics, government, electricity and machinery; agriculture; engineering; building and construction; mathematics.

However, to return to Beaune and the University, one must not assume because the boys there were interested in philosophy and immortality that they were cushioned by civilization. There were springs on the beds, and the students ate under cover, and walked on gravel, but that ended the list of luxuries. The class



The primary class in English at the Post Schools, Commercy, France. Vocational studies are in the Post School curriculum. More than 150,000 pupils attended these schools

Go gle

A great wilderness of low-lying buildings, colleges, immense hangars for public meet-At the left and right are insignia worn

The park on the old ramparts at Beaune, with the tower of the cathedral appearing in the distance

rooms of the A. E. F. University were divided off into squares in the hospital ward rooms by beaver-board partitions. When two teachers were holding forth in adjoining rooms, the man with the loudest voice held the students' attention. The teacher's desk was rough yellow pine, the walls were unadorned with sills or jambs or casings of any kind. Certain floors were covered with shavings from the planing mill, and certain others had rough undressed cement floors upon which the chairs screeched like lost souls whenever classes changed. A round, brown sheet-iron stove in a corner, with the coal piled neatly back of it on the floor and the ashes always liable to fall out, requiring a three-minute recess for the students to clean up the room before leaving class; pine desks, pine chairs, and pine benches and blackboards, made by tarring beaver board, produced an environment rather severe and sombre for the coddled youth of the idle rich. College fraternities were barred. The Gold Coast boys had to dip their mess from the same black kettle which tempted the corn-fed youth of the Middle West, and looked through the same cheese-cloth windows at the same gray sky of France. Fire buckets hung about everywhere on large nails, and it was every man's job to keep them filled, and every man belongs to the University Fire Department. Jacksonian democracy could have no better exemplification than this—the largest of American universities.

Naturally no single building was large enough to permit a single university gather-

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great open courts named after American ings, and a forty-acre field for athletics. on sleeves by Beaune University boys

ing. Great hangars, placed end to end, have seating capacity for but a few thousand, and these public assemblages were frequently used. Yet on Saturdays the boys all heard the same lecture on citizenship from some prominent American. The lecture was always prepared in advance. Friday evening manifold copies of the lecture were distributed among a dozen professors with clear, carrying voices, and Saturday morning the whole six thousand boys marched by companies to a dozen designated assembly rooms where the dozen readers delivered the lecture to the various groups. This was the one compulsory class in the University. Indeed, training for citizenship was the real aim of the whole educational system of the Army. It was the aim of the Army not to make the men merely better bread winners, keener money-makers, but more intelligent citizens than they were when they left the United States.

Yet the forty-acre athletic field indicated that the Army expected the men to grow wise by playing as well as by working. The hangars, where men met by the thousands, were equipped with picture machines and company "shows" were held in some hangar nearly every night. The Y. M. C. A., which began the whole educational scheme, soon found that it was an army job, and in March the Y. M. C. A. formally withdrew, save in an advisory capacity on the educational commission.

This education commission was composed of Dr. John Erskine, of Columbia University, Dr. Frank Sprague, Super-

An old Burgundy house in Beaune. These photographs were lent by Grosvenor Atterbury, architect of the University

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intendent of Schools, of Cleveland, and Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield of the State Agricultural College of Massachusetts. It was in effect the trustees of the whole system of army education. And General Reeves was in effect President of the Board and director of the whole educational endeavor. It may be well to note that the clause in the military appropriation bill was inserted by Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia. A similar clause, preserved in the bill from year to year, would provide for a year's education and training for every American boy between eighteen and nineteen years of age; and would relieve American colleges of their freshmen, and give every youth the first year of a college education, as well as provide America with a potential army. In withdrawing the Y. M. C. A. gave up control of University amusements, excepting to furnish the personnel.

Now a most important feature of the educational work of the A. E. F. University was not in the catalogue. It was the town of Beaune—an old French town that was built in Roman times. It is a beautiful town, typical of the best that is France. More than Paris it carries the spirit that made France the savior of the world in the great days of September, 1914. It is a decent, middle-class French town with no poverty and small riches among its people. In the long, narrow streets or under the old lindens of its lovely boulevards kindly French people greeted the American boys, not as a broken people whose hearts are in mourning, not in a shattered civilization such as the Americans saw in the wrecked towns of northern France, near the battle-front. These citizens of Beaune in an organized community, surrounded by things they and their ancestors have loved for a thousand years, presented a newer and happier aspect of France to the soldier students than they had been used to seeing. There stands an old church whose foundations were laid twelve hundred years ago; here is an old hospital, still functioning as a "Hotel de Dieu" ("House of God") after three hundred years of service to the town; a students' club is housed in the château of the Duke of Burgundy, built five hundred years ago, put together with wooden pegs instead of nails

A score of old places attracted the new soldier's mind back to the past that was old long before Columbus sailed on his westward voyage. In an old hotel, old when Washington Irving stopped there nearly a hundred years ago, the students gathered every Saturday night, and with them for dinner came the Red Cross nurses and stenographers, the Y girls, and assistants in the administration of the college. In the old tavern in the old town, a new jazz band with drums and blaring brass throbbed out the old rhythms of the dance that is as old as the lure of youth for youth. And the dancers were so young—so very young they were in the old, old town, in the old, old inn, playing the old, old game to the throb of the old, old pulse in their hearts, which thank God is ever young and always fresh and new.

A reading hour for soldier students in a library at Coblenz

Business, government, and electricity lead in the doughboy's interest

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M. P.

The Last to Return

By William G. Shepherd

Illustrated by Lejaren A. Hiller

IF YOU could fly in an airplane over Paris, over the small interior villages of France, over the cities of Italy and Belgium, over London and other parts of England, over the occupied towns of Germany, over the French Riviera towns where American troops, by the thousands, go to take their rest and serve out their periods of convalescence, after illness or wounds; if you could pass high above every point in Europe where the American Expeditionary Forces are distributed, you would see, down below you, always, a young American soldier-man, wearing the regulation overseas uniform. On his arm will be a blue brassard, bearing the letters "M. P." He is called a "military policeman."

THE new discipline. In America's military police we find the note of our future civic life. Self-discipline to win the war was the soldier's aim. The next step is voluntary and intelligent self-discipline to win the problems of peace. The Army has shown the civilian the way

If, when you come to earth, you look over any one or a dozen of the 25,000 of these young men who are in Europe, you will discover that they are among the upstandingest, cleanest-cut, brightest-eyed young men in all the Army.

Individually, they represent an idea that is worthy of such excellent symbols as themselves.

Each man jack of them is a living personification of the self-respect of the American Army; the Army's desire and determination to be gentlemanly, efficient, unblundering, orderly, and worthy of the outside world's respect

Taken all together, with their commander, Brigadier-General Harry Hill Bandholtz, and his all-reaching, extensive staff, they form the Provost Marshal-General's Department, the machinery by which the American Army, wherever it may be, in battle or in peace, keeps itself in order, its morals clean, its ranks decent, and its conscience clear.

The word "policeman," as it is applied to these young men of the Provost Marshal's Department, is likely to befuddle the civilian mind, at least the American civilian mind.

The words "provost marshal," too, have an unhappy sound, as they come down to us from Civil War days.

But both of these terms, considered in the light of the new, twentieth-century warfare—for the "military policeman" and the "provost marshal" have been as much changed by modern fighting as has every other department of warfare—mean to the soldier and the Army something helpful rather than something punitive; assistance rather than punishment.

Civilian words, used technically by the armies of the Great War, often take on a meaning that the civilian finds it difficult to grasp. The word "discipline," for instance—and this also illustrates how an American Army "M. P." cannot be a policeman in the civilian sense of the term—has a meaning in the Army that civilians may not comprehend.

Officers in the American Army were told to forget all previous conceptions of discipline as a thing based on punishments and brutality. They were told that these ideas came from former armies, made up of serfs and mercenaries. They were told that their soldiers were fellow American citizens, intelligent, patriotic, equally interested with their leaders in the matter of winning the war. Their soldiers, they were reminded, willingly gave them obedience because the said soldiers knew that such obedience was absolutely necessary to a successful issue of the war. They were finally told that it was because the highest type of discipline might be built up on this basis that it was at all possible to train American civilians so quickly for war.

Here was discipline that didn't require a policeman to enforce it, externally, on the individual; it was a discipline that came from within the minds and hearts of the milhons of young men who came over to Europe from the United States to fight.

The military policemen, therefore, of the American Expeditionary Forces, are not "policemen" in the sense that the average civilian understands the term. Back in civilian life, the American soldier may again encounter the old-time policeman, with his orders, his clubs, and his punishments, but the police-

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"Then a military policeman will step on to the gangplank and thus be the last of America's millions to shake from his soles the dust of France"

man, with the red hat band, back in France, is a far different bird.

I find that, on our entry into the war, we Americans started out on the old Civil War basis, to a certain extent, so far as our military police were concerned. Our 1863 provost marshal *was* a terror, no doubt. His sole job, so it seems from the stories of the G. A. R., was to get soldiers into jail, somehow. He wasn't a trained man. He was picked, hit or miss. Some general would say, "Detail Co. Blank, Blank Regiment, for provost guard duty for two weeks." "Company Blank" would go to the new job, complaining. It was like punishment, in that war, to go on provost guard duty. Those of the company who might be of mean disposition exercised their meanness at every chance; others, who sympathized with their fellow soldiers in their weaknesses and errors, were far too lenient. Provost marshal justice and efficiency in those Civil War days was a patchy thing at the best.

But the Provost Marshal General's job, in twentieth century warfare, as it has been developed by General Bandholtz, with his vast experience as Chief of the Philippine Constabulary, and his full understanding of the needs of an army, based on study of the British

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and French military police system, has converted the task into that of being the helping hand of the Army, both in war and in peace.

This scientific war of 1914 required specialists. Thousands of miles of roads, jammed with thousands of throbbing trucks, filled with thousands of tons of supplies that must be rushed up, in spite of every obstacle, to hundreds of thousands of fighting men whose lives and fortunes depended upon whether or not these trucks arrived, came within the domain of the military police. The tending of these roads was not a task that could be put on untrained men. The protection of friendly inhabitants from careless and excited troops, the care of thousands of German prisoners who, in a great battle, were taken in huge masses and shifted back to the rear in torrents, the general police protection of areas greater than were covered by all the battles of the Civil War, the records of enemy prisoners, the records of the enemy's dead, cooperation with the Intelligence sections of the Allied Armies, the lookout for spies, the rounding-up of deserters and stragglers, the protection of the soldiers from camp followers or from the vices that abounded in the cities and towns where soldiers were stationed—these were tasks too intricate and important, in this new warfare, to entrust to untrained men.

GENERAL Bandholtz, who was assigned by General Pershing to reorganize the Provost Marshal General's Department, realized that, in putting this department into effective working order for the new warfare, three things would be necessary to keep in mind:

(1) The military police must be helpful; they must be assistants of the Army and of every individual in the Army, high or low.

(2) The Army must be convinced, through the helpfulness of the M. P., that it ought not to look upon the M. P. as an enemy but as a helpful friend.

(3) That only the best and brainiest, hand-picked young men from the Army, secured by careful scouring, straining, sifting, and filtering, could be entrusted with the work, and these must have a special training in a special school.

To-day there is such a school at Autun, France. If the war had not ended, General Bandholtz would soon have had a large force of trained young men in the Provost Marshal General's Department.

Illustrations might be given, galore, of how the military policeman, under the Bandholtz system, has been converted into the soldier's friend. One instance is shown in the arrangements that were made for what are called "stragglers' posts" behind the American battle lines. A man who deserts the front in battle is liable to death. On a busy battlefield the man who has lost courage and who is fleeing to safety will move, perhaps, without attracting the attention of his comrades. They will be too busy fighting to miss him. It is not until he reaches a certain point behind the lines that he can be constructively called a deserter. Now, before any battle begins, the Provost Marshal's task is to place his men at positions along the roads in points that are called "stragglers' posts." Any soldier who gets back that far from the front, without written permission, might appear, to an inexperienced officer, to be running away. But General Bandholtz, with his years of experience in the American Army, was enough acquainted with the American youth in war and in peace to give him the benefit of the doubt.

At each stragglers' post a hut was provided with blankets and food. Not one in a thousand of the American boys who straggled back to these posts was a quitter. The vast proportion were boys who were sick at heart because they had become separated from their units in the excitement of battle.

It was the duty of every military policeman at these "stragglers' posts" to know, as far as possible, where each unit was stationed.

"Have a cup of coffee, buddie, and roll in and take a sleep. I'll find out where your folks are and tell you how to reach 'em when you wake up," would be the sort of greeting the bewildered doughboy-straggler would receive.

Maybe later in the day, if he had come early, or perhaps the next morning, after a good meal, the policeman would point out to the Lost One on a map the route back to his unit; and more than one American boy, who a few hours before had felt himself disgraced for life as an apparent deserter from his command, has trudged away, whistling happily, from one of these stragglers' posts to get back on to the job of "licking the Boche."

The gas alarms in areas behind the trenches were usually sounded by the M. P.'s on roads and in back areas and from airplane observations, and the duty of keeping troops under shelter during shell fire often fell on their shoulders. In Camp Dix, New Jersey, military policemen from Nebraska embalmed and buried the bodies, with full military ceremonies, of 150 American soldiers who died of influenza.

In a hospital at Charpentry, in September, military policemen took charge after the kitchen had been blown up, put gas masks on all the patients, built a temporary stove and cooked, night and day, for several hundred, keeping themselves and their patients masked at every gas attack, and scouring the town for food which had been left behind by the Germans, because the American food trains could not reach the spot.

Military policemen have rescued wounded times without number. In the great battles of the war, oftentimes in temporary withdrawals, the American military police, as well as the British and the French, have been forced to stand on shelled roads, helping the traffic and the Army back to safety until they, themselves, were laid out by shells.

AS AN arm of the military law, the M. P. must be the most tactful policeman in the world. There is no rank so high that it will protect the holder from the attention of the M. P., if the officer is at fault. It is a weighty responsibility to give a soldier this duty of addressing an officer who is at fault. You must be mighty sure of your soldier.

"Helpfulness, courtesy, but absolute obedience to regulations," is the motto that General Bandholtz

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has set forth for his thousands of selected M. P.'s. The Provost Marshal General's Department realizes fully that when it gives to a young man of lowly rank the duty of asking officers questions as to their passes—for Bandholtz has charge of all travel passes in France—and the papers indicating their leaves of absence, it must have a young man of good sense, who fully appreciates all the niceties and rights of rank.

"Sir, I must ask that you please accompany me to the office of the Provost Marshal," is the formula with which an M. P. addresses an officer on certain occasions. If force is necessary, the M. P. must call upon some officer of equal or superior rank with the offender, if that is possible; if not, he may summon an officer of lesser rank. If none is available, he may, in extreme necessity, arrest the offender. The common procedure is to take the name of an offending officer—the officer being, by military law, in duty bound to give his name, rank and unit to a military policeman, upon request—and report the case to the Provost Marshal's office.

In arresting a soldier or officer, the M. P., by the new regulations which are being prepared by General Bandholtz and which will hereafter become the official Provost Marshal's Manual of the A. E. F., may not hold any conversation with the prisoner. Arguments are out of the question. The M. P. may use his firearms only to save his own life or to prevent the escape of his prisoner when no other means will suffice and when the offense is serious.

GENERAL Bandholtz has ordered that all military policemen commit to memory these sentences. "The soldier who can honestly keep all these promises is the sort of a young man wanted in our department," he told me.

"I will keep constantly on the alert, observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

"I will maintain order.

"I will enforce all regulations that I am instructed to enforce.

"I will always be neat in appearance and conduct myself in a military manner.

"I will always remember what I have been told about the manner in which I am to perform my duties and I will perform them in that manner.

"When controlling traffic or when on guard duty of any kind I will hold conversation with no one, except in the line of duty."

If you were to put into a single phrase the brief qualification for a good man in the Provost Marshal General's Department it would run, "He must be willing and able to accept responsibility."

In modern warfare, with its lightning-like changes of situations, every man from general down to private must be prepared, if he be a good soldier, to act on his own intelligent initiative.

The German army met its severest and most unexpected defeats at the hands of the Americans because the Germans were sheer rule-book followers. When a German leader or a German soldier found himself in a difficult situation, he looked into his rule book for directions. If he found no rule therein to guide his conduct, up went his hands and he shouted "*Kamerad*" to the nearest enemy soldier.

The American officer or soldier, on the other hand, was trained to follow rules as long as rules applied. But, when his rule book was exhausted, he put it back into his pocket, and exclaimed, "Well, I haven't got any orders or rules for this problem, so I'll have to go out on my own responsibility, use my own good sense and do the best I can." This was the spirit that kept the American soldier fighting long after the German soldier would have been tucked away in a prison camp.

IT IS this spirit of initiative and self reliance of the American soldier that General Bandholtz has been developing to a high degree in his military policemen.

His department reports abound in instances of this spirit. Here is one:

He was just an M. P. corporal guarding one of the roads that led up to the raging battle of Château-Thierry.

"Don't let anybody use this road to go up to the front," were the orders he had received. "It is to be used only for traffic to the rear."

Hours, on that day of July 14th, he stood watching the empty ammunition convoys pass him; now and then he talked with the drivers or the ammunition handlers. He wasn't the sort of a youth who could have things going on around him and not know all that was to be known. Before long the ammunition men began to report that the Americans were running short of shells.

"We're driving to beat the band with our old trucks but we can't keep 'em supplied," said one driver. "They're simply eating up shells with those Yank batteries."

In the distance he heard the throb of an ammunition train. It was coming from the wrong direction; it was heading toward the front, along this road which he had been ordered to keep inviolate for rearward traffic.

His orders had been definite. But here, in the road, right at hand, was this huge convoy of shells. If he sent it back to the right road, five hours would be lost. Said the corporal to himself: "Those fellows up there are fighting like hell and they need shells. I'm going to let this bunch pass."

And he did.

I have seen the honorable mention which Corporal Joseph Gallant has received, signed by Captain Michael J. Dee, of the 26th Division, for making his own orders that day; for being his own man's man, in a pinch.

Here is another good story of this sort:

A lieutenant-colonel of artillery had received orders to go up into the battle of Château-Thierry. He took his place, with his long train of guns, men, wagons, horses, and supply trucks, in the endless line that was moving frontward. Through almost an entire day they forged toward the front. At last they came to a place near which the colonel felt must be the position he had been ordered to take.

"Halt!" he ordered.

His unit came to a stop. He took out his maps and began to seek out his position.

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"Why not move your men into that field, sir," suggested the M. P. respectfully, "and look at your maps there?"

For miles behind him the endless line of supplies came to a halt.

His order to his own men had choked one of the main arteries that led to the battlefield.

"You had better move out of the way, sir," said an M. P. named Bates, who had been standing at the roadside.

"I've been ordered to a certain position here and I must find it," said the lieutenant-colonel, not realizing the blockade he was causing.

"You had better take your men off the road, sir," said the M. P., respectfully.

The M. P. had all the first hand knowledge of the local situation on his own side; he knew the local problems along that road, while the colonel did not.

"Why not move your men into that field, sir," he suggested, "and look at your maps there?"

Within a few minutes, with the assistance of the M. P., the entire regiment was off the road and the flow of supplies to the front was resumed.

The lieutenant-colonel, some time later, after he had had more experience of this particular sector, made it a point to seek out this M. P. and commend him for his quick thinking and his firmness.

And here is a story about a temporary American withdrawal that I have seen lately on the Army records in France. I am going to put it down, with one or two interruptions, directly from the records:

"Private Winslow J. Damon, in the Verdun sector at Ville-devant-Chaumont, on November 7, 1918, was on a traffic post. Our American forces had failed to gain their objectives in that day's advance and this caused a desperate situation in the case of the heavy traffic coming up from the rear."

Even these cold official words picture clearly the trains of motor trucks miles long, loaded with ammuni-

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"If you will look over any one or a dozen of these 25,000 military policemen, you will discover they are among the upstandingest, cleanest-cut, brightest-eyed young men in all the Army"

tion and supplies of all sorts, heading along that one-way road, in battle-time fashion, up to a front where the battle was temporarily checked and where they might be taken by the enemy, in one great mass.

"Private Damon knew that the objectives had not been reached and warned the officers in charge of the various trains and convoys of this fact."

Again, even the official words cannot hide the assurance and the outright manhood of a soldier who was willing to take upon his own shoulders the matter of sending up supplies to a great army, in battle.

"By utilizing the open woods near at hand," the report continues, "and by opening a road through them, he was able to turn the units and get them back in the opposite direction."

Under General Bandholtz, also, is the Criminal Investigation Division of the Provost Marshal General's Department. As it is the duty of the Provost Marshal to protect the inhabitants of occupied territory, both friendly and enemy, from thievery, pillage, or outrage of any sort including, also, military looting, the services of detectives are frequently required. Not long ago a French château was robbed; though there were 15,000 American troops in the vicinity, the military detectives uncovered the robbers—who had borne criminal records in private life, before the military draft caught them—and recovered all the property. Recently General Bandholtz cited Sergeant William Beatty for devotion to duty because "he had himself locked in a U. S. mail car which was then switched about for many hours and brought to a point where mail robberies had occurred. When the car was broken into by a gang of German prisoners, Sergeant Beatty displayed great courage in attempting to capture the entire gang, one of whom he shot."

The Criminal Investigation Division has uncovered more than one American crook who had been taken into the Army by the draft.

During the war, so the past records of most of them indicate, they made excellent fighting men. With the coming of peace, not a few of them lapsed back into their old ways. With the assistance of French crooks, in great cities like Paris and Lyons, some of these Americans have committed serious thefts, the Frenchmen usually working out the scheme by which the men in American uniforms gain access to premises which the Frenchmen themselves could not enter.

For several months, after the end of the fighting on the fronts, General Bandholtz had 10,000 young men, not members of the M. P. corps, who spent their entire time in guarding and looking out for the welfare of 47,000 German prisoners of war, taken by the American troops on the western front, and in guarding them at the various tasks. To keep them well fed, decently clothed, bathed, and surrounded by thoroughly sanitary conditions is also part of the duty of these Prisoners-of-War Escort Companies.

A further, and by no means unimportant, duty of the Provost Marshal General is to regulate the movements of all American military men in Europe. No member of the A. E. F. or Militarized Civilians, such as Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., or K. of C. worker, moves anywhere without a pass or order. At every railroad station in France, where Americans might go, there is a representative of the Provost Marshal General. He respectfully requests all military persons, high or low, to show him their traveling papers. The soldier who is absent without leave or who is lost or in trouble of any sort thus comes to the notice of the Provost Marshal.

The time will come some day, perhaps not within many months, when the last batch of American soldiers to start for home will be gathered on the pier at Brest. They will mount the gang plank, happily. Behind them a man of the Provost Marshal's Department—perhaps a military policeman will step on to the gang plank and thus be the last of America's millions to shake from his soles the mud and dust of France. Then the French will know that, finally, the American Army has all been herded home.

But the day of the American Provost Marshal's Department ought not to come to an end by any means with this war! As it has been built up in this way, it should remain a part of the American Army system as is the department of aviation or signal corps photography or any other new and efficient means of war fare.

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"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

By Alexander Woollcott
Dramatic Critic of the New York TIMES

IN MUD and rain, in gas and shell fire, the problem of the soldier's morale became paramount. Relaxation, laughter, a care-free evening—that is what war theatricals meant to the fighters.

THE night before the last two members of the Army of Occupation set sail for home, one of them will doubtless give a show for the other. That show will be full of jests and jazz music. The villain of the piece will be an M. P. (military policeman) and the butt of the low comedy will be a second lieutenant—any second lieutenant. The final number will be a union of all voices in a heartfelt rendition of a song, with some such refrain as this: "When I see the twinkling lights of dear old New York Bay."

It cannot very well be otherwise. A showless night in the A. E. F. (even thus painfully diminished) would violate all precedent, and an A. E. F. show without the above-mentioned stand-bys is simply unthinkable.

The A. E. F. was always more or less in the show business. Even at the beginning—in those anxious, early days when General Pershing had not yet grown used to the sight of himself in the new-fangled thing called a Sam Browne belt—a play was rehearsed, costumed, and staged at Base Hospital 10, up on the Channel shore behind the tired British front. And from then on there would be an occasional eruption of amateur dramatics from the stevedore camps at the ports to the little, carefully screened shacks built in the ravines, where the troops came back for food and sleep.

But it was not until after the Armistice—indeed, it was not until after the troops had settled down on German soil—that the show business started in earnest. From the troops encamped along the Moselle and the Rhine there then arose two great questions. One was, "Where do we go from here?" The other was, "Where can we get some burnt cork?" The original bland intention to drill the doughboys into a state of exhausted acquiescence in all things was abandoned with comic haste, and finally entertainment achieved the dignity of getting into General Orders The General Staff, having nothing much else left to do, went in for dramatics. G. H. Q. said, "Let there be shows." And there were shows. There certainly were!

Then there was heard in the land a great hammering and sawing of stages, the swish of grease paint, the tuning up of instruments. Close-order drill gave way to still closer harmony. The audiences stampeded to the huts. ("Watch out there, buddy, them first eight rows is reserved for officers.") The orchestras burst into their overtures and, from Brest to Coblenz, the curtains rose.

Last spring, each week saw thousands of performances of soldier shows and (a little belated) all the while the steady stream of entertainers poured in from America. When the warm days came and the lengthening twilight invited the doughboys to games of catch in the meadow land along the Moselle, it sometimes became necessary for a colonel to "fall out" an indignant company and march it to the hut to provide an adequate audience for some vocalist, who had come all the way from Council Bluffs, say, to sing for the "dear boys."

When the call for entertainment began to move through military channels (it was idle for a colonel to protest that he needed his orderly, if it could be shown that his orderly had a tenor voice), it was found that all the talent necessary was present in abundance. Painters for the scenery (some of the German prisoners were particularly good at this), Fifth Avenue dressmakers for the costumes, electricians for the lights, all were at hand.

And pianists! Many French people regard America as a strange country, populated exclusively by young men of twenty-three who brush their teeth with morbid enthusiasm and most of whom play the piano. It is amazing how many Yanks can work wonders on a keyboard, nor does all the heaving of cases, serving of slum, and cleaning of rifles destroy the native touch.

But there were more than pianists. For instance, the A. E. F. realized, when the time came, that the mess sergeant down at Base Hospital 8—he who created the most spectacularly successful mess in France—was none other than Schuyler Ladd of "The Yellow Jacket" Company. So the huge Red Cross auditorium at Savenay (commonly known as "The The-a-ter") was placed under his direction, and summer found him leading his own troupe from hut to hut along the Rhine. Then Barnum's old treasure, the Human Frog, was detected under the disguise of a Quartermaster uniform

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and promptly assigned to contortionist duty for the duration of the emergency. Of course, the stevedore camps yielded marvels of soft-shoe and clog dancing, as well as rich ragtime melody. Many an unappreciated darkey did not come into his own until it was discovered that he had music as well as mischief in him. He who was unfavorably known to the Military Police and the Summary Court officers as Wild Willy of Montoir was a thorn in the flesh of law and order until it dawned on the A. E. F. that he was not so much an incorrigible criminal as an incorrigible comedian.

And the girls! With wigs and chiffon and rouge they were made out of M. P.'s and orderlies and truck drivers and machine gunners. The results were astounding. From force of habit, old rounders from Broadway would applaud violently until the fall of the final curtain and then start automatically for the stage entrance. The vision there of a row of coryphées, with drooping cigarettes and capsized wigs, was apt to be disillusionizing. They have been pretty funny, our chorus girls, almost as funny as those strange beings of the Paris music halls, who are described on the programmes as "les chorus men."

An unexpectedly deep-voiced beauty, camouflaged in a ravishing gown from the Rue de la Paix, would encounter before the footlights a lowly buck, disguised for the evening in a Sam Browne belt.

She—"Are you a real lieutenant?"

He (countering)—"Are you a real lady?"

An impersonator of Gertrude Hoffman, an attraction at the First Army Horse Show. Below, Sergeant Wood and chorus in "Die Wacht am Rhein," by the First Engineers

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"She" (with feeling)—"My Gawd, I try to be!"

And he did. He had to. It was his duty, his detail. It is doubtful if the most imaginative of those who wrote pieces for the magazines, to prove that the selective draft was just a scientific device to put each man at the job he could do best, even dimly foresaw that it would result in America's calling on some of her youth to make the world safe for democracy by shaving daily and being as girlish as possible until relieved of this duty. Yet so, in many cases, it befell.

One of the most successful of the A. E. F. "girls" was a gruff-voiced young dancer known to his company clerk as Private Harry Cahill. I once saw him helping clean up a ravine in the Argonne Forest after a performance given there during the battle. I ventured the guess that whatever speculation may have been in his mind when the Army reached out and took him, he had not foreseen his present detail.

"Well," he admitted with a grin, "when they issued me my first 'socks, woolen, heavy, 3 pr.' at Camp Upton, I never thought I'd live to have the Army issue me 'stockings, white silk, long, 2 pr.'"

You can imagine Cahill's feelings when he found out the job the war had given him. You can imagine the emotions of a restless doughboy who, having been caught A. W. O. L. by a vigilant M. P., chanced next night to recognize that same M. P. scantily clad in straw and beads, and enlivening the Y hut with a peculiarly undulant hula-hula dance.

At the right, Al Van Zandt as Bert Williams. Below, bobnailed beauties at the dressmakers, a part of the Y. M. C. A. work in Coblenz

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The A. E. F. shows have been, with a few exceptions, jazz-laden musical entertainments, varying only in size. The sizes ranged all the way from "The Three Gobs" to "Let's Go." The first was an act put on by three jovial sailors who strayed from the fleet to the uttermost reaches of the A. E. F., able to hold an audience for fifteen minutes or two hours, as the requirements might be, prepared to fill the Champs-Élysées Theatre in Paris or to do their stunts on the back of a truck along the road. "Let's Go," the musical extravaganza staged by the seventy sections of the Ambulance Service, was, on the other hand, a vast, spectacular production, with a huge chorus and with costumes by Worth and other designers of Paris.

For such productions as this, or "A Buck on Leave," the casual huts and makeshift stages would hardly serve. When "A Buck on Leave" came to St. Nazaire, there was no adequate auditorium available, but one was provided with such lightning speed that the port glowed with pride for a week. They commandeered the steel framework of a Salvation Army barracks. While 150 men were leveling the ground, digging the orchestra pit, and knocking up the dressing rooms, electricians got busy with the wiring for the spotlights, and 200 stevedores carried 3,000 chairs on their backs half a mile to ten trucks, which transported them to the barracks in time for the performance, which was given just twelve hours after the arrival of the company in St. Nazaire!

Of course, it was the ambition of every show to travel, and great was the rivalry among the various battalions to see whose production would be chosen by the division to represent it in the corps area. Hotter still grew the competition when it became a question of which divisional production should go forth to tour the entire A. E. F.

There were, it is true, many entertainments created at large by the show-mill at Tours and thence issued to the outlying troops like rations or underwear. The show-mill often presented the spectacle of three sergeants working all night at three tables, each busy with a different act of a musical comedy that had to be written before breakfast. The try-outs were often funnier than the shows themselves. The newly-created productions would pile into trucks, drive to a camp, beat a drum till a crowd had gathered, and then and there try their product on the dog.

"The try-outs were often funnier than the shows themtrucks, drive to a camp, beat a drum till a crowd had

But the best shows were those which grew up within a unit, the creation of that strongest force in the A. E. F., the divisional spirit. The most famous of these was the production of the Argonne Players, a group of O. D. actors and singers who were drawn from various parts of the 77th Division and assigned to the single job of entertaining their comrades. Whenever the troops traveled, the players went along, ready to perform on a truck wherever the bunch pitched camp, prepared, at any change of trains, to give a show right on the station platform. When the division went into its great fight in the Argonne Forest, the players settled at the edge of the forest to beguile the replacements going in and the wounded coming out.

I saw them first in a little theatre built by the Germans in a ravine of that forest. The audience was a roystering bunch of freshly deloused machine gunners, who had just come back for rest and replacements. They sat cross-legged on a floor still stained with blood, for the theatre had been used as a dressing station in

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selves. The newly created productions would pile into gether'd, and then and there try their product on the dog"

But the jazz band, at least, lost nothing with the passing seasons. It did not seem to matter whether the music was produced on the orthodox instruments which the Marines imported from their recruiting station in the States or on the weird band equipment, "made in Germany" from a collection of cigar boxes, "corned willy" tins, and Boche helmets. The Grand (though slightly startled) Duchy of Luxemburg got one of its great thrills from a band of ours and, thanks to a troupe recruited from among our ambulance drivers in Italy, jazz at last has joined the distinguished echoes which haunt La Scala in Milan.

But the A. E. F. shows have been more than something for the soldier to do and see and hear. They have given him a voice. Just as the best chorus girls were taken, not from the Y. M. C. A. but from the doughboys themselves; just as the favorite musical instrument in the 82nd Division show was a wailing trench fiddle, made at the front from an old biscuit tin, a tent pin, and a buzzer wire; just as the best lighting equipment was provided by the signal corps projectors that had seen service in the Argonne; so the best jokes and songs were not sent over with the beans and boots from home. They were made out of the stuff of the daily life of our troops in France.

Thus the shows have all of them been revues in the best sense of the word, a running fire of derisive comment on all those who feed and annoy the soldiers. More freely than anywhere else (more freely even than in *The Stars and Stripes*) the troops could vent their feelings in their theatres.

On the A. E. F. stage, the mess sergeant heard with embarrassing candor the public sentiment on the subject of his breakfasts. There the *Croix de Guerre* was so laughed into insignificance as a wholesale decoration that the winners of it felt sheepish when they pinned it on. There the silver-chevron controversy back home stirred such a gale of laugher in the A. E. F. that disconcerting echoes of it reached even to the House Committee on Military Affairs in Washington. There the M. P.'s were guyed and scolded till they were chastened into the finest and most considerate police force in the history of American institutions. More than any-

the retreat. During the dramatic pauses in the playlet could be heard the steady booming of the cannon, firing away at the other end of the woods. Of course, that audience relished the show all the more because they knew they were at play on ground which they themselves, by their own grit and gumption, had just wrung from the invader.

It did seem that when the Argonne Players became famous, appearing with their revamped show before President Wilson in Paris; then, touring the entire army area, their product lost something of its original gayety. It was often so. The "Motor Transport Revue" of Armistice days was a more magnificent endeavor. But did it have quite the wallop that was in their old war-time show? That was the show of which the first performance was upset by a hurry call from the front for a convoy of trucks—trucks not yet ready for the road. Half the audience filed out at once and when the final curtain fell, the workers outside were joined by the entire company who, still in costume, still glistening with grease paint and smooched with cork, pitched in as mechanics, working all that night and all the next day and night, a weird picture in the spot-light thrown by the head-lamps of a hundred encircling automobiles.

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thing else it was the gag, "Who won the war? The M. P.'s," which led to that much badgered corps being filled by well-seasoned soldiers with wound stripes on their arms.

And there the newly made second lieutenants were wholesomely reminded that it was a democratic army in which they had just been commissioned. The banter might seem to be aimed at the French. An awfully impolite people, the comedian would say. "Impolite? Why, yes. I have just seen a Frenchman standing on a ladder peeking through the transom into a lady's bedroom." Pretty rough stuff, the other comedian would admit, but not exactly an example of impoliteness. "Not impolite, hey? Why, that darned frog stood there for two hours while, waiting their turn at the foot of the ladder, were eighteen second lieutenants." Sensation!

The cootie, too, was dramatized and the First Engineers' show was enlivened by a gigantic cootie who wore three golden chevrons to show that he had been on duty for eighteen months with the A. E. F. Blois Gièvres, St. Aignan, Brest, Bar-le-duc—all the sore spots of France—took the places of Brooklyn, Camden, Yonkers, and the like in the army vaudeville. If it was instinctively the Army's way to deal with the St. Aignan mud by pretending that it didn't exist, it was the soldier-comedian's way to laugh the mud into unimportance.

There is a world of public sentiment packed into such songs as this:

In the Army, the Army, the democratic Army,
The Army clothes and feeds you
Because the country needs you;
Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner, beans at supper time,
Thirty dollars every month—deducting twenty-nine.

Or in this one:

All for a dollar a day.
All for a dollar a day,
  Kill sixty Germans before you mess,
  Can't get your coffee for killing less;
Count all the Germans you slay,
Each night before hitting the hay;
  Then when you're through with your duties
  Sit down and count up your cooties.
All for a dollar a day!

All the perplexity of the demobilization problem is packed into the refrain of one song that every boatload of Yanks sang lustily and with full appreciation all the way back from France—the refrain which ran like this:

How're you going to keep him down on the farm,
  After he's seen Paree?

Of course, the souvenir buyers were mercilessly exposed and the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies) hero, whose boasting, blood-curdling letters chanced to get into the papers back home, was only too likely to hear them read aloud in some show amid the hoots and howls of the proletariat. There was no song that went bigger with the combat divisions than this malicious parody:

And when they ask us
How dangerous it was,
  We never will tell them,
  We never will tell them
We spent our pay in some café
And fought wild women night and day,
  T'was the awfullest war we ever knew!
And when they ask us
  (And they're certainly going to ask us)
Just how it was we did not win the *Croix de Guerre*,
  We never will tell them,
  We never will tell them
There was a front but damned if we knew where!

The masters of revue must constantly renew their lyrics from the swift current of events. So "The Drive That We Started at Château-Thierry Will Finish in Berlin," and "Duck for the Dugout, Douglas," and "We'll All Be Home for Christmas, But Nobody Knows What Year," soon gave way to "Oh, Boy, You Doughboy, You've Wound up the Watch on the Rhine," and such outbursts of impatient homesickness as

Darling I am coming back,
  Silver threads among the black.
Now that Europe's peace appears,
  I'll be home in seven years.

The home folks might have worried a good deal if they could have heard the *bweete* brevities and the boulevard bits which spiced our productions in France, but they could never mistake the great, wholesome yearning for home which has found voice in every show produced in the A. E. F. from the signing of the Armistice to the present day. The song that has always swept them off their feet is some such honest lyric as "When They Put that Gangplank Down," or some such smashing finale as the spectacle of a jubilant company of doughboys boarding a transport, bound for the Statue of Liberty, Battery Park, and Home.

For it's home, boys, home,
Home we want to be.

WHEN General Pershing was a young man, he was military instructor at the University of Nebraska and Dorothy Canfield was a student there. She has written an article which throws a flood of illuminating light on General Pershing and his whole life's work—a story of ambition, persistent work, and accomplishment—an American story to the core. We are to publish Miss Canfield's article in the September issue.

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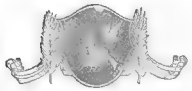
THRILLING MOMENTS

Told by the Boys Themselves

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger



SOLDIERS' stories, gathered for you, told straightforwardly by our soldiers—"accredited correspondents" —who saw everything in panorama from a "reserved seat" in the war

WIPING OUT THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

AFTER Foch got his salient-smashing machine oiled up and working good and had tried it on the two new salients the German offensive had made during the spring, he noticed the old thorn in the side of France that stuck down to St. Mihiel. For years the natural defenses of the country, worked over by German military specialists, had made it impossible for the French armies to advance toward the coveted Alsace-Lorraine. When the American Army took over that sector from the French they found the country a network of trenches and enough barbed wire worked into entanglements to build several fences around the world. In fact, I believe the French and Germans in that sector had called war off, and both sides put in their time digging and fencing. We soon began to impress on the peaceful Boche that the war was still going on and had some lively little parties. Then Foch took a notion to reduce the salient and assigned the job to the American Army. It was to be our affair from start to finish, and now I come to my story.

Copying the system of our allies, the units chosen for the assault were taken to the rear and given a little practice in the work they were to do. Day after day my company went out in the fields around Manonville and went over the theoretical way of taking a machine-gun nest. We kept it up for about two weeks. Meanwhile all sorts of artillery and ammunition were being brought up and put in place. It is claimed that along a front of four miles there were 8,000 pieces of artillery. Two or three days before the attack was to take place we went to the front-line position and waited. While we waited the fall rains set in, and in a short time the trenches became so wet and sloppy that it was hard to get around. Our feet were always wet, and the roofs of most of the dugouts leaked so that we were soaked most of the time. Finally the great day was announced. Maps were gone over and explained to every one down to the lowest ranking non-com, for there was no telling who would be in command of the company when the show was over. Each man was carefully instructed as to his specific duty, issued his ammunition and rations, and told to make his surplus roll and store it away. Each man was to carry only his arms, two bandoliers of ammunition, two grenades, a mess kit, two days' rations, and a raincoat.

As soon as it was dark enough to conceal our movement on the night of September 11th, the company left its position and began to move to the departure trench. In trench warfare the line of resistance is seldom the very front trench. It was three hundred yards from the front-line trench to the trench where, in case of attack, was to be our line of defense. We moved along the crooked communication trenches that led forward. It was a dark night with heavy, low-hanging clouds, and to use any light to find your way would have been a signal for the Boche that you were there, so in the interest of personal safety we moved in the darkness—and in silence. Sometimes a man slipped on a slope, stumbled over a rock, stepped into a pool of water that was over his shoe tops, and once, in rounding a corner, I broke through the rotten cover over a "sump hole" and got wet to the knees. It was the slipperiest, sloppiest, slushiest trip I have ever taken. The sides of the trench were wet, and whenever you put out your hand to steady yourself you drew it away covered with mud.

It took some little time to get properly located along the front-line trench, for each outfit was assigned a certain little place to cover and all of them were trying to find their place at the same time. Finally we got everything arranged and were ordered to dig into the sides of the trench and make any shelter we could, for the captain informed us that at midnight "all hell would break loose," so we began to dig. The ground was rocky and we had poor tools for digging, and it was so discouraging that we didn't work long. We did not yet know the danger of artillery fire and the value of a hole that we learned a few days later, or we might have done better.

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"Three German prisoners—machine-gun men —came out waving their hands and screaming "Kamerad" at the top of their voices"

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About midnight the bombardment began. From almost quiet, things were suddenly turned into a veritable inferno. The sky behind us was lit up by the quick succession of flashes. The sharp reports of the 75's close behind us were seconded by the heavy rumblings of the heavier guns farther in the rear. As shells pass over they make a noise somewhere between a scream and a whistle and each size sounds different. The air above us was all whistles. Over in Boche land our shells were bursting in rapid succession, and so thick that his artillery found no room to put in a reply. The next day we found that our artillery preparation, which was as complete as any that ever preceded a battle, had taken most of the fight out of the Huns.

At 5 A.M., which was just before dawn, the small guns laid a barrage on the enemy front line and we were ordered to go over. All along the trench in the dim light you would see men scrambling out. Some were helping their comrades out either by lifting from behind or pulling from above. There was no hesitation Each man seemed to be "rarin" to get out. Engineers had cut lanes through our wire entanglements so we could pass through. Here a mistake was made. Sufficient time was not allowed for our barrage to lift before advancing, and before we were aware of it we were into our own barrage. We were moving forward at a slow walk. Most of the shells were going just over us and tearing up the enemy wire on his front-line trench, but often one would fall a little short and, since we were too close, they played havoc with us. Even then no one seemed scared. One of my sergeants crossed my path in front of me going from one of his squads to another. I recognized him in the dim light and said, "Good morning, Sergeant——." He replied with a "Good morning, Sergeant Bigler," as though we were meeting on a city street on our way to work. He had gone about ten steps farther when a shell hit directly back of him, blew him into the air and about twenty feet forward. I will never forget the sound as his body struck the ground, torn, limp, and lifeless. The man ahead of me, with a noticeable tremor in his voice said, "There's one fellow killed already." Down on my left about twenty-five yards a line of six men were moving along. A shell struck in the centre of that line. The third man was blown forward, the fourth back, and the war was over for both of them. Later in the day I saw the fifth man of that line who, almost by a miracle, had not been hurt, but was spattered with blood from head to foot.

NO DOUBT in these attacks a person is scared more than he ever is at any other time, but the excitement and newness of it all keeps him from feeling it. I have lain on the ground or in the dugout during a hostile bombardment and shaken with fear until I thought the very earth under me was trembling. I know what it is to be scared, to have mortal terror take hold of me, such as can never be experienced as it is on the battlefield. But this feeling of fear does not come on you while you are moving but when you stop. From my own experience and what I have heard from others, I am convinced that the soldier who is moving feels little fear.

As the barrage lifted and rolled forward we picked our way through the enemy wire which had been pretty well torn up by our artillery. The front-line trench had been pretty thoroughly torn up and the few defenders had been killed. There had been an old farm at the place where I crossed the enemy line. The buildings had been blown to pieces in earlier days but the stones had been used to make a strong point. When I passed through there was hardly one stone left standing on another, and most of them had been pulverized. Our job was to keep going behind the barrage and leave the "cleaning up" to those coming behind, so we crossed over the trenches without stopping to clear them of enemy or go into dugouts to capture prisoners. In the second line we met some resistance but it was scattered and was soon overcome. One machine gun on my right was soon put out of commission by rifle fire, and three German prisoners came out waving their hands and screaming "*Kamerad*" at the top of their voices. Others came out at various places along the trench with their hands above their heads, and were hastily disarmed and started to the rear.

THE strongest resistance we met was in the support position of the enemy defense, which was about a kilometer behind the front. Up to this point we had been in open country and had gone over a hill. The reverse slope was gradual and at the bottom a thick wood. In the edge of these woods the enemy had his machine guns and the slope of the hill furnished as good a field of fire as I have ever seen. In addition to the machine guns on the ground they had built nests in the tallest trees and put snipers up there. One man that I know of, from Kansas City, was shot by one of these snipers. He was lying on the ground in a little depression, but he was in sight of a sniper in the trees and the sniper got him.

It was a hard fight before we finally got the woods. We were all laying flat, for the bullets were flying thick. Whenever they didn't happen to be whistling over a man he would get up and run forward a few steps and fall flat again. When the enemy, seeing him coming, turned their guns to fire in that direction, someone else at another place would get a chance to move. In that way we kept getting closer. Lots of men were hit but more kept coming, and it soon got too hot for the Jerries and most of them beat it off through the woods, leaving their guns. When we had gained the edge of the woods I looked back over the side of the hill and saw such a sight as I never want to see again. Dead and wounded were scattered everywhere. Some of the wounded were rolling around, others were trying to hobble or crawl to the rear, stretcher bearers were going back and forth, and first-aid men were going here and there administering the help they could.

The rest of the St. Mihiel battle was in the nature of a cross-country run. Jerry had been chased out of his trenches and, while there was plenty of fighting later on, it was open work. In that style of warfare the American soldier was more at home and the Germans, who had been fighting in trenches for four years, were out of their element. By the end of the day the old St. Mihiel salient had ceased to be.

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"I found some bread, two jars of jam, and some canned willie in the shack"

BURIED ALIVE

IT SEEMS to be the general opinion outside of artillery circles that throughout the war the artilleryman's life has been one of ease and crowned with many luxuries that have been denied the boys who occupied the front-line trenches, but I assure you that the boys who labored day and night behind the French 75's have done their bit along with the rest of them. For instance, it was on the evening of September 11th, about eight o'clock, that we received orders the attack would start at one o'clock the following morning. It came much sooner than we had expected and caught us unprepared. But by hard work our guns were in position, perfect telephone communication established, and plenty of ammunition stored in pits beside the guns two hours before we were to open fire.

The fire from our twenty-one hundred guns completely swamped the Germans, and from statements made by returning prisoners it was the most destructive fire they had ever witnessed and a large majority of them were seasoned troops. I was standing out on a hill overlooking the valley where our infantry were advancing when the first batch of prisoners came to the rear. Some were carrying wounded American doughboys, some were wounded pretty bad and could hardly get along, but all of them were happy that they were behind the guns that were sending over that hellish fire

On the morning of the 12th, at eleven o'clock, we limbered up and pulled into the woods just south of Thiaucourt. We had been there only about thirty minutes when Fritz started shelling those woods and, believe me, he made it hot for us for two hours! Two well-directed shots put our kitchen out of business, causing us to go without rations all day and, as I had not slept or eaten for three days, I was in a pretty hard hole. Spurred on by the excitement of the battle, I had not noticed before how near all in I was until I was knocked cold by a falling tree hit by a sixteen-inch shell, but when I came to a few minutes later I was so weak and completely exhausted I could not get to my feet. I made several attempts to get up, but something seemed to hold me back. I crawled about fifty yards toward a small shack situated in the heart of the woods, but before I got there I gave way to nature, dropping down in the wet grass and to sleep—the first I had had for four days and nights. I did not awake until about eight o'clock the next morning to find myself much refreshed but still very weak from hunger. I found some bread (black German war bread), two small

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jars of jam, and some canned willie in the shack, which I ate regardless of where it came from or if it was poisoned or not. I felt much refreshed after this Dutch repast and began to look around me to locate my battery which had moved on. I found the position they had occupied the night before, but they had moved out leaving me as far as I could see alone. Fritz was directing quite a bit of his attention toward those woods day and night, and I was given mud baths several times by them hitting near me in the soft mud. Gas shells were also dropped in there that morning quite frequently, requiring me to wear my mask all the time.

To any one who has never tried to find an organization on the front, it probably sounds easy to do considering the size of a battery and that almost any place any one goes he will run into a soldier; but as I found it then and on numerous other occasions, it is a very difficult task. You must remember that there are thousands of guns firing most all the time, making it impossible to locate a particular battery by their firing. The soldiers one meets, unless they happen to be from the organization you are looking for, nine times out of ten don't know their location, as troops at the front are continually moving from one place to another.

When you are strolling around on the front looking for an unknown point you must sometimes go miles out of your way to get around a point that is being heavily shelled by the Germans. I was under shell fire most of the time that morning and, when I did finally arrive at my destination, I looked as though I had spent the day in a hog wallow from falling to my stomach so many times on the warning approach of a shell. I was given a hearty welcome on my arrival back to the battery, as I had been reported killed in action.

When at last I reached my battery I was about as worn out as any one could get, so I rolled into a bunk for some much needed rest. I was suddenly awakened about four o'clock that afternoon by a jolt that knocked me silly for several minutes. Fritz had succeeded in locating our position and his first shell had hit the shack I was sleeping in, completely demolishing it. How I managed to come out of it with only a shaking up is more than I can tell. I rolled out from under the dirt and timber that had fallen on my bunk, and made for the kitchen as that was the nearest place that I would find any of the men. I had not got very far toward it when one of the shells, that were falling by then four at a time, hit the cook shack and the three cooks that were on duty met their death, probably never knowing what had hit them. There was not much left of the shack and one of the boys was blown into so many pieces it was hard to find enough of him to bury.

THE Germans, after shelling us about thirty minutes, switched their fire and two shells landed in a dugout where twenty-two men were working toward its completion, killing eighteen of them and seriously wounding the remaining four. I have never in my life seen a more pitiful sight than those poor fellows. Words cannot describe the bravery and self-sacrifice that were shown by the seven men who were still alive but who were literally torn to pieces. Three of them died while en route to the hospital; the remaining four I believe recovered. I have often heard it remarked by both medical men and the doughboys that the field artilleryman was getting off pretty easy in this war, basing that statement on the number of patients received at the hospital. The artilleryman when he gets hit (and considering the number engaged in handling the four guns of a battery and the number of men engaged in a company of infantry in more or less concentrated numbers, the casualties will total up pretty much the same) has no need of doctors and hospitals, for nine out of ten never know what hit them.

I HAVE seen men at the warning approach of a shell duck into their pup tents, and I suppose they felt perfectly safe with a thin sheet of tenting between them and that all-powerful shell. My favorite place of cover when under shell fire was a large tree, although I knew a direct hit would put both me and the tree out of commission.

We ran short of rations and, as transportation was all tied up, with prospects of going without all day, I volunteered to take a German wagon we had captured in the drive and go into Thiaucourt to get a supply of rations the Germans had left behind in their hasty retreat. The town was day and night under heavy shell fire from the big guns at Metz, and I found it difficult to get into the town due to the road being torn up from them and the streets were completely blocked in some places by fallen buildings. Shells were falling in all parts of the town, and buildings were crumpling before them. The dust was so thick I could hardly see where I was going, but eventually I found the building where the supplies were stored. I backed the wagon up to the door and proceeded to load up. I had to carry the stuff up from a deep cellar and had succeeded in loading two sacks of beans, two sacks of spuds, and a sack of sugar, and was down in the cellar looking around to see what I could find, when I was suddenly dazed by a terrific explosion, followed by falling dirt, stones, and timber. I ran to the top of the stairs to find I was blocked in. It looked as though the entire building had been heaped on top of the cellar entrance. My first thoughts were that I was doomed for an indefinite stay in my newly constructed home. However, that did not worry me much as I knew I would not starve or die from thirst with all those rations and several barrels of wine. I set to work digging with my hands as there were no other tools to be had. It was slow work and I quit several times for rest and to eat a dog biscuit and some jam. I had my watch with me so knew it was after dark outside. I went to it and worked all night and until noon the next day, almost filling the cellar with the refuse. Finally I made a hole large enough to squeeze my body through, and I stepped out into the sunlight. I felt like a man who had been marched to the gallows, the noose placed around his neck, and the trap ready to be sprung, when the order revoking the death sentence arrives in the nick of time.

SERGT. CARL H. SANDERS,
Battery F, 19th F. A., 5th Division, A. E. F.

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"He had gone about ten steps farther when a shell hit directly back of him and blew him about twenty feet forward. His body struck the ground torn and lifeless"

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THE MARTYR SONG-BIRD

WE HAD crossed the Vesle River under a heavy barrage and the shells were still crashing among us.

A dash through the strip of woods ahead, and we dropped to the ground just inside the edge of the trees. I found myself a little separated from the rest in a heavy clump of bushes. From here I had a fine view across the open field to the German lines and a like section of undergrowth a few hundred yards ahead.

Perhaps I had swayed the branches around me, but no sooner had I dropped than the hiss of a bullet close to my head preceded the savage crack of a rifle. Instinctively I ducked and gazed toward where I believed the shot had come. A sniper had my position located. Rather a curious sensation, for I could only guess at his whereabouts.

I lay still, peering out of my leafy shelter.

The minutes passed and the only movement I made was to grasp more firmly the stock of the rifle, and an unconscious tightening of the trigger. Meanwhile, the crackle of the rifles and machine guns flashed along the line and the shells whined overhead to burst with a crash of destruction.

Suddenly, with a beating of wings, a bird fluttered to a limb over my head, so still I lay

Suddenly, with a beating of wings, a bird fluttered to a small limb over my head, so still I lay.

The slight resultant sway of the branches interested Jerry. Almost instantly there came a spatter of feathers, and soft warm drops fell on my face. As the rifle cracked again the lifeless song-bird fell beside me. What a freak of fate that the leaden missile had found such a tiny target!

But Jerry had exposed his position. I had seen the slight movement when he fired. I could barely discern a flash of the greenish-gray uniform.

Slowly and carefully I set my sights and took aim.

Scarcely had I felt the recoil crash against my shoulder when the sniper threw up his hands and showed an instant above the brush before he dropped from sight.

The airplanes droned overhead and the sounds of battle continued as I snapped back the bolt and ejected the empty shell. I had shot my first German.

WILLARD E. KENNEDY,
111th U.S Inf., Co. K.

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WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT

By Charles K. Taylor
Sergeant, 102nd Engineers, 27th Division

DISCUSSIONS like these might be heard any rainy night in the A. E. F., recording the same deepened interest, the same proud devotion to a country which now another generation loves the more for having given much to it

IT DEVELOPED shortly after the ending of the war. The main object for the existence of the great officers' school had been removed with the signing of the Armistice. And when it was announced that no more commissions were to be granted, the *raison d'être* of that school was more than ever difficult to imagine. Anyway, that is how the thousand or more enlisted men felt about it. They had, for the most part, been sent to that school as a reward for merit—so that they might go home with commissions. But the war was over and no more commissions were in prospect, and yet the school hung on!

Now this school, being one for engineer officers, numbered a large proportion of college men in the student body. Many, to be sure, had been engineers of some kind or other in civil life. Also there were some ex-newspaper men, there were ex-teachers, architects, mechanics, and various other professions were represented. There was even one playwright! It was an amazingly representative crowd—almost as perfect as though organized for that very purpose! For it contained picked enlisted men from practically all of the American divisions.

One born organizer threw this restless group—or most of them—into a big debating club. He did not call it a debating club. Also, it did many things besides debate. And its name was highly misleading It was called "The Purity Club," probably because of the joyously Rabelaisian character of the narratives and reminiscences that almost invariably preceded the serious work of their meetings. But this group, whose membership varied a good deal, met almost every night, and discussed all kinds of interesting things—from "universal military training," which all condemned, to flattering comments on French intensive farming!

From the main group branched several smaller ones interested along special lines. There was the group gathered around a particularly brilliant young architect. Then there were the teachers, who got into great excitement over the advantages the schools, and education generally, might gain from the war experience.

In fact, this school, now a purposeless affair as far as the war was concerned, became an industrious debating society, every evening, with much serious argument, practical conclusion, and businesslike method. Much there was that was valuable. Let us look into these things a little. We might gain something useful from them.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

"NA-POO military training, when we get home!" declared Sergeant Jenkins, excitedly, from a box

"Na-poo!" came the instant and rousing chorus. I'd like to know the derivation of that word. The English made it out of something they thought was French, and we got it from Tommy. But, in this sense, it meant most emphatically that there would be "nothing doing" with universal military training when they got home. That was the great date they set for many fine things! The sun would shine once more, on a crazy and benighted world -"when they got *home!*"

Some said they would not stand for this training, and could not well express their reasons. It was the instinctive dislike of the Anglo-Saxon for an absolute and arbitrary rule of any kind. They hated being under the irresistible control of any officer—the more so as all officers could not be admirable or trustworthy Even *then* they would not like it. In time of war—yes. Any sacrifice was worth while, when necessary for winning a war. But in time of peace—No! Nothing doing! Na-poo!

One engineer-sergeant called the attention of all, at a big meeting, to the difference in individual resourcefulness and initiative, as shown in front-line construction, between the French and Germans on one side (who had had their individualities ruled flat) and the Anglo-Saxons on the other.

"The Frog and the Boche," said he, "build great bridges when they have their standardized stuff and their officers. But when they have neither—there are no bridges! Now your Britisher, and even us—"

"Gosh! Don't forget us!" came a pathetic wail from the audience.

"Well, we people who haven't been ironed into one

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groove and are used to doing each man his own thinking—well, when we had no standardized stuff (and we usually didn't) and if our beloved officers——"

The mob interrupted with calls for a fiery hereafter for all officers.

"I say, you poor fish, when we had no officers and no stuff, any of us, British or Americans, would take a flock of telegraph poles and a couple of ancient barns and make any kind of a bridge anywhere under *any* conditions!"

And with mighty emphasis they condemned, above all, the giving of formal military training to schoolboys. Here is a summary of opinion.

Formal military training—especially with youth—

1. Destroys resourcefulness.
2. Destroys individual initiative.
3. It is an artificial discipline, allowable only when men impose it on themselves for the sake of a great object, such as winning a war.
4. The American Army was the best disciplined in Europe—because they had imposed military discipline on themselves. But when no such object was in view—it made for dependence on leaders on the part of the men, and for arbitrary snobbishness on the part of officers.
5. As schoolboys they needed training of some kind to *bring out* their resourcefulness and initiative—to counteract the rut-making machinery of our public schools. Also, they needed to be in charge of men who *knew boys* first, and were capable of character leadership. The rest didn't matter so much. (This was contributed by one of the teachers.)
6. As to "preparedness for war"—it was true that the nation, not having a big trained army, would begin with a disadvantage. Well, it was worth while to make a sacrifice to retain the racial characteristic of the Anglo-Saxons and those sharing and adopting their ideas.
7. Finally, the Army, having the greatest individual capacity in resource and initiative, would win the war anyway. They all considered our late war a beautiful example of this fact.

Sergeant Jenkins, upon his box, demanded:
"All in favor of universal training say 'Aye'."
There wasn't a sound.
"Those *not* in favor say 'No'."
"*No!*" came the mighty roar.
"Well," said the sergeant, "if all the A. E. F. thinks as this bunch does—a lot of officers looking for comfortable berths in the universal training business are going to have a long look! Do we love our officers?"
"Oh boy!" came the yell, followed by a ferocious mock growl from several hundred throats. And this was followed by roars of laughter.

UNIVERSAL PHYSICAL TRAINING

THEY were all just as unanimous with this, only they approved of it strongly. Here is the summary:

1. The army physical examinations showed an appallingly large number of men physically "unfit." Experts say this 30 per cent. can be reduced to a possible 8 per cent.—if taken in time.
2. The time to begin, then, is obviously in childhood, when the children enter school.
3. This must be a different kind of physical training than we are used to. Silly, ineffective, class calisthenics won't do. Each individual's needs must be found and built up. Our schools fail because they neglect the physical development of the individual entirely, and do little enough with the groups. We must combine both—the individual with the group work.
4. Cost? Certainly. But the social and economic value of reducing the physically unfit down to 8 per cent. would be vastly more than the cost of carrying out such a system.
5. A crowning absurdity is to hold up military training as valuable because of its physical training value. First, military training comes far too late for many. Second, it takes only those who are physically in good shape anyway. Third, there is a more efficient kind of physical training than can be gotten through formal drill. Let's have the physical training—but leave out the military!

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP

ONE man, a man who spoke and read French fluently, described his many visits to French schoolhouses, and his great admiration for the methods and effectiveness by which the French taught the essentials of citizenship.

"Bolshevism would be impossible in France," said he, "these folk know too much about the elements of social structure and progress. They have the Rights of Man hanging on charts in the youngest class-rooms of their schools, and in the smallest country schools."

Others had noticed them. The rest, not knowing the language of the country, accepted their word for it. But they had read in their home papers much about this strange menace—Bolshevism—the attraction of cave-man methods, under an alluring name, for those who know no better. This matter was discussed mostly by small groups, but the big group was unanimous that there should be training for citizenship in all our schools, especially in the grammar schools. High-school work affected but a small proportion of children. The lower schools were doing nothing but teaching some inadequate, unconnected history, with dates and names, but no "reason." The answer to Bolshevism, they thought, was education—only it was so late that we might have some trouble with the ignorant "foreigners" first.

"When we get home," said one husky corporal, standing right up in meeting, "when we get home just *show* us some Bolshevists—that's all, just show them to us! We'll fix 'em! If they don't like the way we do, let them go back to their beloved Russia and starve themselves to death—or murder each other! But they had better keep mighty quiet—when we get home!"

And that was the sense of the meeting. Meet the menace, and also do a real necessary and proper duty, with education in the essentials, and the history of citizenship and social progress, and begin when the child is able to put a couple of thoughts together!

Go gle

APPROPRIATE TRAINING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE main thought of this discussion came out in a meeting of the whole society. It was to this effect—"We want to make the education of our boys more masculine, and that of our girls more feminine. That follows, of course." It was an ex-teacher who was talking. "As it is, our boys are taught by women till they finish school. Most boys stop school at the 8th grade. Nothing against the schoolmarm, God bless her! She has her work cut out for her! But when a boy gets around twelve he wants a man to teach him. He must get a man's way of looking at things. Now, of course, you can't teach boys in a masculine fashion if the class is half or two-thirds full of girls. I don't believe in co-education for children over twelve years old. It gives the boys the feminine viewpoint. Let's go home, then, and fight *for* a living wage for men teachers, and then fight for a *masculine* teaching and training for our school boys from twelve years on, and that means *no co-education* from that age on till their characters are fairly formed."

This question was thrashed out, not by the whole club, but by a little group of ex-teachers, students in "psychology," and others interested in such matters.

The psychologist went deeply into the great differences that appear normally between boys and girls. Here is his summary—a gist of opinion—

"At this important time boys naturally tend not to go with girls. It is an instinctive protection at a time when newly developing instincts should have no outside stimuli. The girl, too, at this age, is in a condition in which she naturally tends to become reserved and sensitive. Thrown in with boys, there tends to develop a breakdown of natural reserve. With this often comes on the part of both a weakening of character-stamina.

"Again, boys do not like competition against girls; and, as girls mature before boys do, and in early adolescence are normally better students, boys often adopt a scornful attitude towards good work just because girls are good at it! The presence of boys has an opposite effect upon girls. It stimulates them to their best endeavor. This sounds well, but the fact is that at that period they should go rather easily with their school work, and not drive themselves until they have become physically and mentally adjusted to the vast changes that have taken place. They should *not* drive themselves, or be driven. On the other hand, with boys, this is just the period for a rigorous masculine régime. A programme that would arouse the most aggressive mental ambition with boys, at this time, would create even resentment among girls, and a system catering to girls would tend to make the boys soft, slack, lazy, and unambitious.

"Finally, the sentimentalists—who fight for such things, of course, as co-education, similar training for boys and girls, and so on—claim that it is better for the sexes to become accustomed to each other anyway, because they will work together when they are older, and will have fewer delusions concerning the character and general make-up of those of the other sex. This is 'tommy rot.' They won't work together, on the *same job*, except among the lowest and least successful social orders—in the sweat shops, for instance. Those with any ability specialize. The sexes don't work together when 'grown up.' Again, a boy is likely to have a poor opinion of an older girl if too well acquainted with the typical silliness of the younger girl. Not only so, but a few ideals are worth while having. It is better for boys and girls to have high ideals of each other, for one is apt to endeavor to act up to the level one's companion expects of one. The interests of boys and girls are and should be very different. These differences should be emphasized.

"Of course, all this argument would bring awful howls from the feminists—male and female. They would think we were attacking sex-equality. Nothing of the sort. They confuse terms. They mistake sex-similarity for sex-equality. There is no reason on earth why they have to be 'similar' in order to be socially and politically 'equal.' It is a delusion, and dangerous because so plausible!"

The big group might not have stood for such a dissertation. It would be too "high-brow." But they did approve to the echo the demand that the education of boys be made essentially masculine, and that of girls more distinctly feminine, so that the best qualities of each sex could be developed to the utmost.

POLITICS

THERE was little talk about the relative advantages of Democratic and Republican administration. The one thing they were sure of was that they did not want any military officer for the next president of the United States. They were "off it for life," as they said.

Also, there was no agreement concerning socialism, or any other ism. These being all represented there. But they were united on one or two things. Many who in the past had been complaisant concerning civic "graft" had abruptly changed their opinions. Some had been under officers who owed their positions to "pull." This was universally believed—not for *all* officers, but most of the men seemed to think they knew of at least one so favored. And they well knew it was no joke, at the front, to be under any officer not chosen decisively because of capacity.

So there was a unanimous opinion that when they "got home" they would see to it, as far as they were able, that public servants were chosen for capacity. Also, they would unmercifully make it hot for all grafters in politics and government.

And there we have it. Many ideas were brought out that made the men thoughtful and would aid them in being more efficient citizens when they all come home!

So you must not expect too much of the homesick fellows streaming westward across the seas. They are not very keen for all this "hero" worship. Most of them are quiet, and have acquired much determination and purpose. But there are two or three matters concerning which many of them are likely to put forth very decided and united opinions. And the writer believes these are the ones so emphatically discussed, in the dismal winter-time of France, during the diverting and instructive meetings of the Purity Club!

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THE RETURN

AND he is coming back to us. Before the end of the year all but a few of the two million and more will be here. It is all in the world he asks—to be again at home.

But don't think for a moment that though home is still the dearest thing in the world to him and the United States God's country, and though he is so apparently unchanged—do not for a moment think that he is the same. He comes back yearning for home and country, but he is needing and asking more than home or country ever before gave him. He has enlarged, and unconsciously wants enlarged action, enlarged ideas, associations. Has the job for the boy who wears a *Croix de Guerre* and has had his citations—has the job grown in the last four years as much as he has? Has the consciousness of the "other fellow," his rights, his powers, his equality, which the doughboy has learned in the ranks from fighting and working side by side with the East Side Jew, the Armenian peddler, the Italian boot black—has this consciousness grown equally in the community to which he returns? Will he find that his mother, and wife, and sweetheart, his employer, the fellows that stayed at home, have learned what he has about the "other fellow"? Will he divine that the folks at home have been through those hidden spiritual struggles that began to come to him in the hour when he was taken from all that was familiar and put down in camp with everything that was unfamiliar, that came to him as he crossed the "big pond," was herded like cattle in troop trains and camp, and finally was sent over the top to face the guns? Has the war brought to them something of this thing which he cannot and would not tell, but which shows in his eyes?

He comes back to us the same boy and yet not the same. He it is who has revealed to us that the hope of America has not been in vain. It is to give him the chance to realize in peace, better than any generation has yet been able to realize, that this thing which has so stirred and ennobled him and which he has so amazingly represented, is not a vanity and a delusion—this is the great after-war work of the American people.

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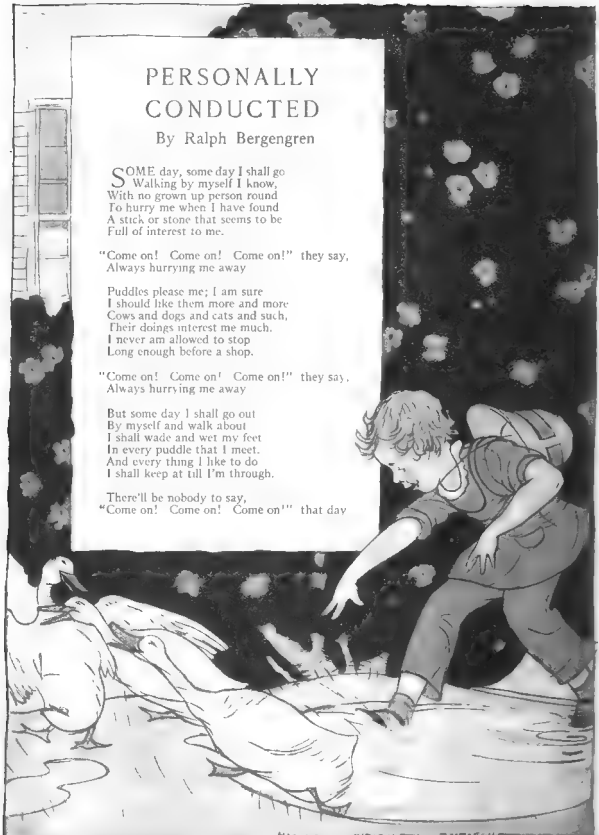

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

By Ralph Bergengren

SOME day, some day I shall go
Walking by myself I know,
With no grown up person round
To hurry me when I have found
A stick or stone that seems to be
Full of interest to me.

"Come on! Come on! Come on!" they say,
Always hurrying me away

Puddles please me; I am sure
I should like them more and more
Cows and dogs and cats and such,
Their doings interest me much.
I never am allowed to stop
Long enough before a shop.

"Come on! Come on! Come on!" they say,
Always hurrying me away

But some day I shall go out
By myself and walk about
I shall wade and wet my feet
In every puddle that I meet.
And every thing I like to do
I shall keep at till I'm through.

There'll be nobody to say,
"Come on! Come on! Come on!" that day

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YOUTH WILL ALSO SERVE

By Howard Brubaker

THOUSANDS of boys and girls in America have done work well worthy of a service stripe. Brought face to face with the problem of a starving world, these young people have redoubled their efforts to increase the food supply. The sombre picture of the children of Serbia stricken with famine and disease, gaunt-eyed, wasting, dying, brings into brilliant relief the American boys and girls working day after day, growing two ears of corn where one ear grew before, raising hogs to record weight, working hard and thinking hard to help feed a stricken Europe.

FIRST consider for a moment the razorback hog, that familiar feature of the southern landscape, lean, hollow-cheeked, and sharp of back. He is just plain pig, almost excessively plain. He has no ancestors to boast about and no ambition to grow into a larger and nobler pig. For the most part he ranges free in the woods and roots in the ground and eats nuts and acorns, growing muscular, fleet of foot, and suspicious. When it is time for him to be harvested he is extremely hard to catch and scarcely worth catching. For the razorback runs more to muscle than to size. He takes care of himself, after a primitive fashion, but he takes no care of the man who owns him. Unlike that other celebrated athlete, Jack Johnson, he does not bring home the bacon.

A Georgia boy leaned upon a fence and considered the razorback, idly stropping himself upon a tree, and didn't think much of him. This was not a regular boy but a composite boy, like those composite photographs one sees sometimes in the papers—a sort of centipede boy. He lives all over Georgia, belongs to pig clubs, and takes his advice from club leaders and county agents. He buys pure-bred pigs, shuts them up and feeds them real food, and they grow into regular mountains of hogs—Berkshires and Hampshires, Poland Chinas and Duroc-Jerseys, and all such portly varieties of the genus Pig. In the fullness of time this composite boy sells his composite pig for half a million dollars. That is not simply the largest amount of money that this author can think of; that is the official estimate of the value of the hogs owned by pig-club boys in the state of Georgia.

There were 8,678 of them in 1918; they won seventy ribbons in fairs and $505 in prizes. The state champion was an eleven-year old boy, the son of what is called "a one-horse farmer." His pig, which he bought for $37.50, is now worth $300.

The "hog fever," as one parent called it, which first attacked boys and girls has also been spreading rapidly among the adults. As a result, Georgia, which not long ago was paying a forty-million-dollar butcher bill every year, has almost stopped this expensive habit. Georgia is converted to the idea of the pure-bred hog. Ellis Parker Butler's antiquated doctrine that "Pigs is Pigs" finds little support in Georgia now.

And that is only Georgia Boys' and girls' pig clubs are in existence in almost every state in the union; the hog fever has spread from coast to coast. For example, in the office of the club leader of Colorado there hangs a map of the state, indicating by red dots the existence of pig clubs. On this breakfast-bacon map, Colorado looks like a bad case of measles. The boys and girls of ninety communities raised $90,000 worth of pork last year. Meanwhile they were buying pure-bred pigs by the carload in Utah; in California boys were making two pigs grow where none grew before; in Iowa they were putting two pounds of weight per day upon their pigs. Missouri and Oklahoma boys, at last reports, were knee-deep in pig money. There is also news from Texas.

There is something undoubtedly discouraging about Texas. Whenever Texas starts doing anything—you know how it is. Take the Van Dorn twins, for example, who live in Harris County down in that outrageous state. These boys bought a sow for sixty dollars. They also bought some feed, but for the most part they depended upon household waste and garden refuse. The result was two fine families of porkers and a total profit, after paying all expenses, of $385. Furthermore, there is a rumor around the Department of Agriculture in Washington that another family of piglets is expected shortly at the Van Dorn home.

But Elton Sartor did even better. In fact, this fifteen-year old boy is mentioned as a candidate for the championship of the United States. It would be just like Texas to carry that off.

Elton, it seems, selected a Poland China sow from a famous herd in Kansas and paid twenty-five dollars for her. Elton lives in Bartlett, near the middle of the largest state in any union, so that there was plenty of room for his pig to grow and bring up a family. He

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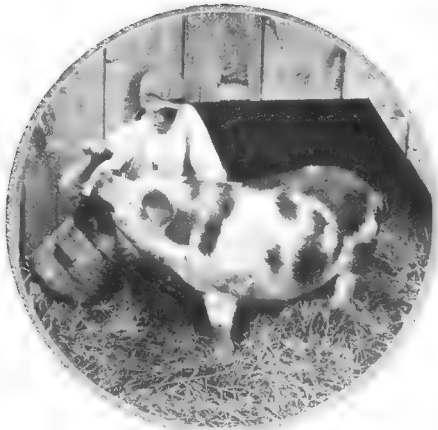

A boys' club member and prize winner in Howard County, Maryland, and the winning hog

Jumping lightly from Texas to New England, we are privileged to meet a Yankee pig. This term applies to a real pig, not to that epithet which is said to have been current in a once-important country called Germany. The pig's name is Chummie; he comes from New London County way down east where Connecticut narrowly escapes being Rhode Island. Chummie is a personally conducted pig, his conductor and feeder and washer being Austin Lathrop. Chummie seems to have been brushed and massaged to within an inch of his life; but he thrived on it, grew to be an extremely "heavy set" pig, and brought home ribbons from the county fair.

Not satisfied with local honors Chummie made a visit to the state fair. Austin has given rather a graphic account of this, for the boys are required to write pieces about their year's work. When Chummie came home from the state fair with all the first prizes in his class, Austin noticed that his protégé "kind of stuck his nose high in the air and looked around sideways as though he had to look down to find me." Austin had to take his prize-winning Berkshire down a peg. "I have had a good deal of this work to do," he said, "and the most you have had to do was make a hog of yourself."

had to borrow the twenty-five dollars from the bank, but at the rate he is going the bank will be borrowing money from him before long. For the first litter of pigs he got $527, for the second, $225. He has refused $500 for the mother pig. Altogether Elton's investment of twenty-five dollars and fifteen months' work has netted him a profit of $1,052.

He now talks learnedly about balanced rations and puts a lot of faith in milk.

"Whole milk," he says, "will certainly make a pig's tail curl." Just why a pig's tail should curl does not appear, but a pig that can do all that has a right to put on a few airs.

But Elton Sartor is only one of an enterprising group of pig fanciers in his neighborhood. The Bartlett Boys' Registered Pig Club, of which he is a member, has been making swine history down that way. They have a drove of highly aristocratic pigs, mothers of large families, which have produced more than a thousand pounds of pork meat each in a year. Four boys have made profits of more than $500, eight more than $250, eleven more than $100, from one sow each. The bankers of Williamson County cheerfully lend any boy the money to start a pig family. As one cashier says, "Any boy who will raise hogs and take an interest in them needs no other security than his note at this bank. I have not lost a cent on these notes and do not expect to."

The result of all this pigriculture—or whatever the word is—was last year a total of more than six million pounds of pork thrown into the scale by these children's clubs at a time when the world was fairly crying for fats. In this project alone the club movement justified the claim of the Department of Agriculture that boys and girls constituted a great "over here" army that helped valiantly to win the war.

But pig-raising is only one of the multifarious activities of the clubs, and one of the younger projects at that. Corn is the granddaddy of this movement. Boys' clubs have been raising corn for more than ten years. It will be remembered that the late Dr. Seaman A. Knapp —to whose devoted services in the cause of improved agriculture the nation owes a great debt—first used the extension or demonstration method in an effort to teach Southern farmers how to meet the menace of the boll weevil, the insect which was making such havoc in the cotton crop. The idea was simple enough. Since the boll weevil lives only upon cotton, the planter should

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raise something besides cotton. Thus he could starve the boll weevil without starving himself. The boys' corn clubs were an outcome of this demonstration work, though boys' agricultural clubs had already existed locally in several states. The organization has grown out of all semblance to the original, and since 1914 has been a great nation-wide system, liberally endowed, carried on by the States Relations Service of the Department in co-operation with the state colleges of agriculture. Yet, in a sense, this enormous movement owes its inception to a bug. Much as one hates to honor the "pesky critter" one must at least, in baseball parlance, credit the boll weevil with an assist.

The idea of the boys' corn clubs throughout has been this: How much corn can a boy raise upon one acre with good seed, fertilizer, and intelligent cultivation, and how much does it cost to do it? The keynote in all this club work is demonstration rather than total quantities. The club member is a demonstrator. The boy who can sit upon a mountain of corn which he has raised upon a single acre is the best possible missionary for improved methods, to his own father and to other boys and their fathers.

This boy learned how to grow corn, then persuaded his father to go into partnership with him in raising this calf

There was at first a great deal of indifference and actual prejudice to break down, and it took a lot of devoted work on the part of the leaders to get things started. The lot of the pioneers was not an easy one. But the prejudice was broken down and the corn clubs grew and spread, and in the end the boys got cordial support from their parents. A parent, after all, can be taught a great deal if a boy will go about it in the right way, appeal to his sense of pride and, if necessary, beat him badly at his own game.

The boys of the corn clubs are now reaching an average of nearly fifty bushels to the acre in their crops, all figures being thoroughly verified. One hundred bushels to the acre, rare at first, has now become as common as dirt. This figure has been left farther and farther behind, until now we have in the office of the States Relations Service at Washington a picture of a Virginia boy sitting upon a mountain of corn grown by him upon one acre, 209 bushels! Fathers still have a lot to learn.

The corn clubs have spread all over the United States —for corn doesn't care much where it lives. In the ten years thousands of boys have raised millions of bushels of corn, taken countless prizes, free trips to fairs, to state capitals, and to Washington. Many of them have got the stimulus—and the cash—which took them to college, many have become farm owners, carrying out on a larger scale the lessons they learned on their demonstration acres. And in the great majority of cases they have branched out into the raising of live-stock. That is the logical step—raise corn, then market it upon four legs.

Wallace Cook, of Delaware, is one of those thousands of boys who worked onward and upward from corn to livestock. Wallace Cook seems to make a specialty of taking all the prizes that are loose in the neighborhood. He has been a club member for three years, beginning at fifteen. During this period he won a free trip to the livestock show at Springfield, Massachusetts, two silver cups, a silver medal, a bale or two of ribbons, and twenty-four cash prizes aggregating $129. Wallace's official title is Grand Champion of Delaware. He has had the best corn club acre, the best exhibition of ears of corn, the best pure-bred Holstein heifer and Holstein calf. Also he won the cattle-judging contest. Wallace has reached the age now when he must bid farewell to the boys' clubs and go to college. Perhaps it is just as well that this grasping monopoly be abolished. But

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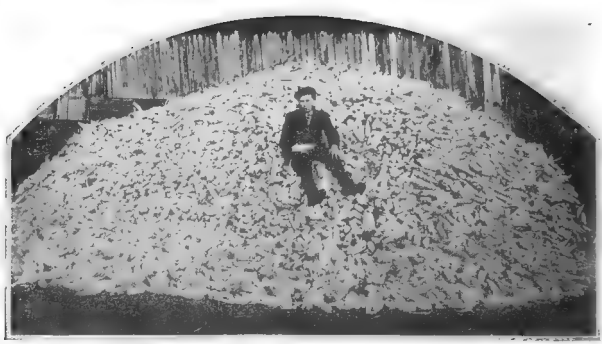

Marius Malgren, a boys' club member in Norfolk County, Virginia, grew 209 bushels of corn from one acre

it does not take a hardy prophet to foresee a brilliant success for the Grand Champion of Delaware.

Corn clubs and pig clubs lead the two processions which the Department has organized, and they are long processions. Crop production includes, among many others, cotton, small grain, peanut, and potato clubs. Animal production includes calf, sheep, poultry, and bee clubs.

The beefsteak manufacturing business is commonly referred to as the baby beef clubs. As in the case of pig raising, the object here is to stimulate pure stock and to pile on pounds by scientific feeding. One of the most interesting examples of success in producing baby beef is the record made by Mildred Oelke, of Blue Earth, Minnesota. Mildred selected her own calf, "Darkie," fed and cared for it alone until her "baby" reached the alarming weight of 1,050 pounds, when it sold at public auction for $231. At the state exhibition at St. Paul her calf took second honors. Darkie did not seem to use all of Mildred's time, for she reports helping her father with his pigs and her mother with the vegetables and taking music lessons. Being a champion baby beef producer did not let Mildred off from the task of practising finger exercises one hour a day. Woman is still only half emancipated.

The championship in that Minnesota contest was won by a boy, Irwin McKay, whose prize-winning calf later sold for $930—more than a dollar a pound!

The boys' and girls' calf clubs are getting a foothold everywhere. Iowa alone has thirty-nine of them and produced nearly ten thousand dollars' worth of baby beef last year. And Wisconsin boasts of having the largest baby beef club in the country.

Sheep raising is another lively youngster in the club family. It is growing rapidly in favor because, under war conditions, there is quick profit to reward intelligent work. A systematic campaign, for example, was made in Laurel County, Kentucky, with the idea of substituting the sheep for the dog. It was pointed out that the board bills of the two animals were about the same, while the sheep returned a handsome profit and the dog did not, besides discouraging the sheep industry. There were no sheep in the district when the movement started; now 625 boys own 2,665 sheep. Across in Indiana, George Irwin, a member of a Henry County club, reaped a profit of fifty dollars on one ewe. Another boy in the same club has developed a flock of thirty and plans to have more.

The high price of wool and mutton gave a big boost to the sheep clubs last year; 257 such clubs were organized with an enrollment of 3,613 members. They raised 8,000 lambs and marketed 2,000 pounds of wool, and they still have their flocks. The boys and girls of the sheep clubs made $100,000 dollars in 1918.

Wyoming and Washington youngsters are taking heartily to the sheep raising. In the Northwest they have a variation of the business called the "bum lamb" clubs. In that country of big flocks there have always been a lot of lambs that fell by the wayside. It was impossible for the sheepmen to take care of these, and the coyote, who had more leisure, usually got them. The weak lambs still drop out, but the boys and girls get them instead of the coyote. They bring up these orphans with care and sell them at a handsome figure. Jimmy Jones of Washington accumulated a flock of forty-three sheep in a single season by this simple method. In Wyoming the clubs often elect representatives to go out and pick up these orphans, which are then raised by the clubs. A fifteen-year old boy in California bought a hundred orphan lambs at a low

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These two pigs are litter mates and are now five months old. The boy's hog weighs 204 pounds; the father's, 85 pounds

figure and presently had a flock of ewes for which he refused $1,600. Being the Good Samaritan is profitable business out that way. It is estimated that in Utah alone 5,000 lambs were rescued by the club members last year—to the entire satisfaction of everybody except the coyote.

The peanut industry has also broken into society and is being cordially entertained by the younger set of Virginia and points south. This fact seems logical enough—there is undoubtedly some sort of chemical affinity between a boy and a peanut. But any one who has observed the heroic performance of a youth at a circus or Fourth of July celebration might wonder whether any peanuts which young America might raise would ever reach a hungry world. The facts, therefore, are gratifying. It seems that the boys of the southern clubs raised about forty thousand bushels of them last year over and above what the raisers took internally. Thus they contributed to the festivity of the nation, to the candy industry, and to the production of peanut oil which has now become of considerable importance for table use. Incidentally the by-product of peanut raising is an excellent stock feed.

Poultry clubs have formed an important part of the children's activities, especially in the extra food-raising effort of the big war year. In this project a heavy share of the honors and profits fell to the girls. In the matter of selecting good stock, conducting birds through a precarious infancy, bringing them up to splendid young chickenhood, and getting them decorated with ribbons at fairs, sister seemed to have a special genius. In Florida, for example, the girls raised more chickens than did the boys. The best individual record there was made by Marie Bradfish, who produced 150 chickens at a profit of more than two hundred dollars.

Then there is Lelia Sorrels, a poultry club girl in Mississippi, who had a busy and interesting time with a pen of Barred Plymouth Rocks last year. Lelia borrowed $17.50 from the bank to buy her birds, which began immediately to justify her faith in them. From January to October these original pullets, the pilgrim mothers of this Plymouth Rock colony, laid 650 eggs. Out of her first hatch Lelia selected the birds which later took prizes at the county and tri-state fairs. For the greater part of the year she was busily acquiring chickens, eggs, blue ribbons, and War Savings Stamps until she had acquired a profit of $370. Lelia had some hard work and some hard luck—the latter in connection with a mink who broke into the pen and helped himself to high-class poultry—but she made a big profit from her first year's work and still has a splendid flock for future reference.

Lelia was a freshman, so to speak, in this university of poultry raisers; but Vivian Smith, also of Mississippi, has been in the work for three years, beginning in 1916 with eight Rhode Island Reds. Hawks and cats interfered with Vivian's happiness the first year, yet she made a profit of eighty dollars. The second year her earnings reached $250, last year $350. "My prospects for 1919," she reports, "are very good. I am keeping two breeding pens and have a ready market for all the eggs I can supply from them. Having won prizes at both county and state fairs, my stock is well advertised." Vivian Smith's financial success is partly due to the fact that she raised her own feedstuffs, thus keeping down the high cost of chicken-living.

A girl won the state record in West Virginia, also, but it remained for an Arkansas lass to vary the monotony by making a bantam hen raise turkeys. The fussy little mother, with three enormous bronze foster

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children trying hard not to step on their stepmother, was one of the most popular exhibits at the county fair.

But the girls did not do it all by any means, as fourteen-year old John Ireland of Delaware testifies. John absorbed all the poultry information the club leaders could furnish, then proceeded to apply it to his little pen of Leghorns, with the result that he captured both the county and state prizes. "Then," John reports, "I came pretty near dying with an attack of the swell head." He revived, however, at least long enough to collect a pleasant profit on his year's work.

Gila County, Arizona, presents an interesting example of the value of team work in poultry raising. The county agent stimulated the interest in chickens and got favorable rates for baby chicks in large quantities. As a result he delivered, through fourteen schoolhouses, 7,000 baby chicks to the boys and girls of the clubs.

In the southern states much of the work with girls is handled by the home demonstration agents in connection with the work of women. It is not always possible, therefore, to separate the results of the girls' work from that of their mothers. But from figures on the boys' club work and from the combined boys' and girls' club work in the West, some idea of the extent of the poultry project can be reached. It is only fair to the rising generation to say that, in the year of our greatest food emergency, they contributed half a million dollars' worth of eggs and chickens to the nation's breakfast and Sunday dinner tables.

In like manner we must credit the southern girls with a share in the 200,000,000 cans of fruit and vegetables put away last summer. We know that the southern club girls alone put up 13,000,000 cans of produce, most of it from their own one-tenth acre gardens. This takes no account of that great army of girls, not regular club members, who threw themselves into the emergency work to help feed the hungry world. Regular club members, emergency members, northern girls, southern girls, country and city girls, white girls and colored, girls helping mothers or working in club kitchens; canning, brining, pickling, drying; making butter and baking bread; raising chickens and vegetables and pigs and calves; working over hot stoves and under hot suns; making garments for the Red Cross running into the hundreds of thousands; preserving delicacies for the hospitals; putting their profits into war securities and giving them outright to the war charities—an army of far more than a million—this is the world's highest record for girlhood achievement, for unselfish purpose, for solidarity. Is it not also a record for devoted, intelligent leadership?

These, briefly, were the great staple products of these boys' and girls' organizations, but as a matter of fact their activities have been of the greatest diversity. There seems to be nothing that these young people have overlooked; they have a finger in every pie. They are raising high-grade seed potatoes in Maine and strawberries in Alabama. Spring flowers in Tennessee; honey bees in Kansas. Maple sugar in Vermont and sorghum seed in California. Up from Florida comes a flood of jellies, jams, and marmalades, from Virginia a tidal wave of cane syrup. Massachusetts jumps into the ring with garden truck. Utah club members raise eleven thousand rabbits and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of sugar beets. In Alabama they are raising broom corn and making brooms. The boys are putting in their best licks on rice and tobacco in the Philippines—for the club work, like the Constitution, follows the flag into our insular possessions. Rounding it all out with wheat and cotton and hay and beans, orchard fruits, cheese, and a dash of sweet potatoes—one has a suspicion that the rising generation has also become the raising generation.

Aside from production the clubs perform a lot of useful functions. Everywhere they are coöperating in protecting the song birds, thus adding to the joy of living and diminishing our over-supply of obnoxious insects. Here and there the boys have been enlisted in the war against rodents, and in Wisconsin we find them helping to dig up and destroy the barberry, which has been found to be a boardinghouse for a bad wheat disease. In Wisconsin, also, they utilized the boys by enrolling them in yearly surveys to show its progress in farm betterment. The facts obtained are so valuable—and so profitable to the obtainers—that one suspects that this form of detective work for the young will spread

There is a special organization in the South—the Farm Makers' Clubs—devoted entirely to Negro boys. These colored lads came across the tape last year with a

A BIGGER, BETTER MAGAZINE

WITH the September number THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE *will go to a larger size. We shall gain in the amount of reading matter we can give. We shall gain in flexibility. We can give you a modern magazine with more authority and more beauty in its presentation. We shall show with each successive number its purpose and aim. We are in a new world now. Our soldiers have helped to save our endangered civilization. Theirs has been the sacrifice and the glory. Ours is the new duty—the duty of making this nation a better and a juster place to live in. Golden opportunity—America's boast of old—was the chance for hundreds of thousands. It must be spread to its tens of millions. Opportunities for healthy bodies not handicapped by disease and physical weakness—opportunities for a full life, freely lived, and freely used—by all. That is the message to us from the battlefield. We must live out a thousandfold more vividly the message embodied in the Golden Rule. Thus we shall get the real Democracy for which our soldiers have paid.*

It is our purpose to present, in articles, stories, and pictures, the indication that our people are mindful of their great possibilities and are resolutely facing toward the goal of a better America.

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In the upper picture, a girls' sewing club in Charles County, Maryland. In the lower, boys' club members studying their fowls for defects before an exhibition

half-million dollars' worth of produce. Sherman Lynch, of Edwards, Mississippi, must have interpreted the term, "Farm Makers' Clubs," quite literally. On his first season in club work he made a hundred dollars on his pigs. This money he used as a first payment upon a thirty-acre farm By the time Sherman gets big enough to farm for himself he proposes to have something to do it on.

With these Farm Makers' Clubs, with more than six hundred thousand boys and girls in the Southern clubs and more than five hundred thousand in the North and West, and with the emergency work in gardening and canning, the Department of Agriculture is able to state that more than 2,000,000 boys and girls were enlisted last year in the fight against world hunger—two million busy and sturdy and devoted young citizens throwing into the scale more than forty million dollars' worth of food. The club members produced on an average nearly twenty-four dollars' worth of foodstuffs at a cost to the Government of about eighty cents. When the time comes to check up the various factors that contributed to America's success in the war, a big bright page must be devoted to the children between ten and eighteen who did this astonishing piece of work.

Youth will be served that is an old rule and a good rule. But now we know that youth will also serve.

And this movement is just as valuable for winning the peace as for winning the war. It goes on and on, there are no contracts here to cancel, no losses to write off the books, no poison gas shells to be towed out to sea and sunk. The boys' and girls' clubs are building a solid future.

This is a story of individual achievement, of financial success, of response to a great national need. Of the clubs themselves, with their programme of work and learning and fun, of the socializing and educative force that is reaching out into the isolated regions there is not room to write here. For after all the best crop they are raising is not pigs and corn but boys and girls.

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THE TWO

By Winifred Carr

SILENCE over a wheat-field a hush that beats on the senses like a strange, throbbing pulse; rain falls without noise and no wind stirs the broken grain The heavy, golden heads are bowed in grief—their roots are drenched in blood Where gleaners were wont to come with song and laughter, where reapers went with scythes, there lie still bodies, with pain-drawn lips, unseeing eyes that turn heavenward. The quiet requiem of the rain falls softly, like a woman's tears. . . .

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HARVESTS

Illustrations by Edward A. Wilson

THERE is a flash of gold in the valley, under the bright noon sun. The wheat ears sway against each other, in the caress of the wind, and the river goes whispering down to the sea. There are twittering birds where once the cannon groaned; butterflies where star-shells used to fall. Voices chant old war songs and the scythes fall rhythmically across the ripe grain. Here and there blood poppies raise their faces. A slender girl plucks one and tucks it in her hair. . .

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The silhouette of a dromedary etched against the tightly stretched horizon

A PERSIAN SYMPHONY

Which Includes the Song of the Plow

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Willy Pogany

A SINGLE palm soaring rigid and solemn and austere, with a masculine arrogance that is typically Moslem; the silhouette of a dromedary etched against the tightly stretched horizon like a gigantic scrawl of Asian handwriting; a rock worn to its naked bones by wind and rain and drifting, biting sand; the squat bulk of a *chapper-khana*, a rest-house; the high-heaped mounds which are such a familiar sight all the way from the Caspian Sea to the frontier of Baluchistan, made from the earth thrown up around the mouths of the *kanats*, the deep wells, dug at intervals and joined by a succession of underground tunnels which carry the water, often for miles; the sable and peacock-blue of a tired bird drifting by like a spent bullet; the spire of a wayside shrine, gray with years and seamed with sufferings; the contours of a little town, hard, dazzling white, compactly folded into an ochre, purple-stippled dip of the desert; the desert itself, rolling out, spawning its sardonic, yellow centuries of shifting sand; a sky that holds a greenish tinge in its master-blue, like an infusion of translucent emerald in the heart of a sapphire . . . and the whole: Persia, sere, brittle, arid, a land with few rivers—and only Allah knows why poets will speak of it as a soft, scented land of roses.

A keen, dry land where, to quote Mustaufi, the Arab globetrotter of the fourteenth century, there are "ten months of winter and two of summer," where the winds are like crackling spears and the air is a rapidly whirling wheel of gleaming dust, shedding purple and crimson sparks, giving to everything a touch of the fantastic, the sudden, the unexpected, the dramatic even; playing with the lines and forms of the objects; limning them starkly, mercilessly; then lulling them with a diapason of gently curved rhythms and washing them over with the lazy gold of the sun.

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TO-DAY the "*La illaha illa 'llaha Muhammad-an-Rassul-Allah*"—the slogan of that four-square faith of Islam which says Peace and, as often as not, means War—has taken the place of the old Zoroastrian hymn, the Worship of the Angel of Fire, the "*aburadhatem yazamaide.*" To-day the Faithful prostrate themselves toward Mecca, where once white-robed priests chanted their Pahlevi litanies, over their mouths the *paidutanas*, the small veils prescribed by the Avesta, in order to prevent the breath from defiling the sacred flame.

Yet, though the Magians' chant to Ormuzd has been nearly altogether drowned by the muezzin's nasal call to prayer from the top of the minaretted mosque, the greatest, the most vital, of all the Zoroastrian rites is still existent—in the hearts, the souls, the daily life of the Persian people—and it is the old precept which, according to the Avesta, makes irrigation synonymous with virtue and agriculture, literally, a religious duty; which says that "he who sows seeds sows good deeds," that "the most blessed spot on earth is the place where grass and fruit-bearing trees are," and that "the faithful and good man waters the ground that is dry and dries the ground that is too wet."

Agriculture *is* virtue.

Irrigation *is* righteousness

For Persia is a land with but few rivers, yet a land singularly fertile, and, set in their framework of mountain and desert, the villages pulse with pleasant life; and famine—the blight of richer lands, the curse and punishment of lazy Slav and superstitious, fatalistic Hindu—is unknown here.

THE favorite method of irrigation is the subterranean; where the water, tapped from deep wells, rises through the soil. In this system earthenware drain pipes are arranged at intervals with vertical shafts, terminating in movable caps through which the drainage water which rises passes out into the conduits.

Near lakes, and near the few rivers that, while having no outlet to the sea, though dwindling in summer to small rills, have yet enough water to form a natural reservoir, there is also used an ordinary system of drainage irrigation, where the ditches are dug all around the fields, acting the part of conductors when the land is to be flooded, and of main drains when it is to be made dry.

GO WHERE you please.

Travel on foot; astride a squealing, rearing, kicking, ten-hand rat of a Baluchi pony; or atop a shaggy, smelly camel with a Hebraic nose and a glassy, baleful eye. Drive in a carriage, like a Persian grandee, with a couple of stalwart Turkoman ruffians running ahead of you, clearing the way, shouting insulting and defying words at everybody, belaboring with a beautiful, democratic impartiality the backs and thighs of merchants and peasants alike.

Or, finally, if indeed you cannot evade your Kismet, take a Persian post wagon, that noble conveyance where you have neither a seat below you, save for the hard and knobbly postal packages, nor a covering above you to protect you against snow or sun or rain, that is entirely innocent of springs and makes you positively long for the comparative ease and comfort of an Indian *ekka* or an Irish jaunting car.

Yes. Go where you please and how you may—to Azerbaian in the gray, nostalgic west, or Laristan near the lapping, green waters of the Gulf; to Khorassan where Sarts and Turkomans dispute the land with the Iranian aborigines; to Kerman, famed for its rugs; or Khuzistan, famed for its poets—it is always the same: yellow fields flung over the face of the desert like a woman's flaming scarf, all around the mountains racing away to a high, pigeon-blue sky, dropping to the plains in fold upon fold of neutral-tinted, exquisitely blended fells, closing in like tides carved out of stone, and, still higher up, the eternal snows where the shadows dance in a wild, purple saraband.

It is a dry, frosty, hard-bitten land.

Yet it thaws under the short summer's genial sun. It gives way readily to irrigation and primitive implements. Among the pollarded willow-bushes that fringe the irrigation ditches, flit zebra-finches, field-fares, hoopoes, thrushes, doves, and pert cinnamon sparrows; and, beyond, in the fields, larks are singing skywards above the foraging, garrulous ravens—above the grating song of the plow—which is the song of the land, the ancient song of tradition, since the days of the Median Deoïces, of Cyrus the Great, and King Jamshid's legendary rule.

A PRIMITIVE song, peaking up from a consonance of sounds: the pessimistic grunting of a camel; the barking of shaggy village dogs; the creaking, protesting crunch of the *arabah*, the lumbering cart that carries the grain to barn or granary; the swish-swish-swish of the flail which separates the chaff from the wheat; the dull stamping of the blunt-nosed, muzzled oxen that, dragging a sled, thresh the barley; the thud of the mallet that breaks up the clods after plowing; the sharp scraping of the spiked harrow; and the "*zud! zud! tez! tez!*" (quick! quick! hurry up! hurry up!) of the feudal lord amongst his peasants, bestriding a peak-withered, nervous Kabuli stallion—which, like many a stout Sussex or Galway squire, he most decidedly can *not* afford—or a lean Turkoman abomination in horse flesh resembling the rake which the Clerk rode in the Canterbury Tales.

"*Zud! zud! tez! tez!*—hurry—hurry—hurry——"

For the summer is short, and there are many mouths to feed, and high taxes to be paid to the Shah, the—to give him his full title—"Sublime Sovereign and Monarch whose armies are as numerous as the stars; whose greatness calls to mind that of Jamshid; whose magnificence equals that of Darius; the Heir of the Crown and Throne of the Iranians; the Sublime Emperor of all Persia."

And so he rides along the fields, giving his orders with that peculiar Asiatic mixture of arrogance, foul abuse, and utter *camaraderie*—let it be said in parentheses that the Moslem East is the only true democracy, since it is based on the character of the people and not artificially clouted together by legal code, while snobbery is still a monopoly, as yet unexported, of the West—and being replied to in kind.

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Zud! Zud! Yez! Yez!—Hurry-hurry-hurry—

The song of the plow—the ancient song. For—"*Iran hamin ast*—Persia is always the same"—as he rides there, on his head a duffel hood ending in a scarf to wrap about his face as a protection against the nipping cold, he looks like a veritable incarnation of Darius Codomannus.

Thus, too, his implements of husbandry: primitive, unchanged, a living commentary upon Zoroaster's Avesta which praises the work of him who tills the earth "with his right arm and his left, with his left arm and his right," which makes all toil connected with the fields and orchards equivalent to acts of "righteousness," and ranks the farmer next to the priest and the warrior.

There is the plow itself, a rude sort of thing, consisting of the crotch of a hard-wood tree cut in such a manner that one of the branches, sharpened and iron-shod, serves as a plowshare, while the main trunk serves as a beam, with bullocks or cows hitched to it, and, occasionally, wheels added to lighten the cumbersome affair—the same plow which the Avesta describes, as it describes the peculiar yoke and ox-goad in use in Persia, and the handmill topped by a round hopper into which the grain to be ground is poured.

Then there is the huge, long-handled spade, with a foot-rest attached; the hoe, generally used by two men, one pulling the cords connected to it, the other guiding the implement; and the sickle, curved far beyond the sort employed in the West so that the blade resembles an immense steel hook, which the gleaner handles squatting on the ground, in the immemorial east-of-Suez style, gathering an armful of the tall barley, deftly cutting it, then putting it down to be afterward bound into sheaves.

The soil, though never more than scratched, responds well to this simple kind of treatment. The fields are heavy with barley and rice and millet; with hemp for the manufacture of hasheesh, that kindly, bland, philosophic drug which is called the "green sweetness" by certain fanciful Arabs; and with tobacco, the long, yellow Latakia leaves for the *chibouk* pipe, and the greenish Kazimiyah for the *kalian*, the water-pipe—that stately edifice of My Lady Nicotine which, in its complicated paraphernalia, its picturesque, unpractical unwieldiness, *and* its cool, sweet smoke, is an emblem of all Persia, of all the sensuous East—a languorous mistress, this water-pipe, to be wooed gently under an Eastern sky after the day's work is done——

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Work in fields, and, too, in orchards, where grow melons and pears and peaches, quinces and cherries and mulberries and grapes and apples; and the famed, golden apricots already praised by Mustaufi, five hundred years ago, and by the other Arab globetrotter and geographer, Yakut, who made his *grand tour* in the thirteenth century and left a record thereof in his weighty tome which he called the "Modjem el-Bouldan."

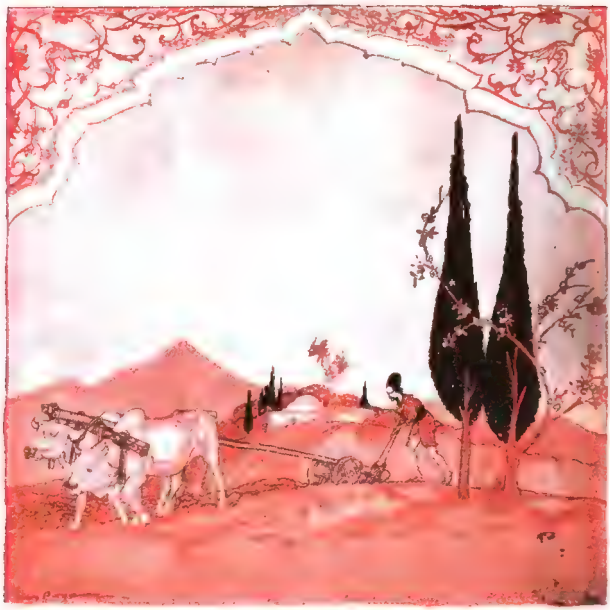
Rice is grown in all districts, but chiefly where irrigation is most highly developed. Peas, beans, lentils, grain, corn, and millet are universally cultivated and exported from the Persian Gulf ports to India and Arabia. Another great article of export is the famous Persian *khushkbar*, dried fruit, oranges from the Caspian provinces, and, from the southern districts, raisins, dates, pistachios, and walnuts. There is a moderate amount of poppy-raising for opium, a great deal of mulberry growing for the silk cocoons—silk growing seems to be a part of the Orient—and of oil-yielding plants the castor-oil plant, sesame, linseed, and olive are cultivated.

Among the valuable vegetable products that are exported are a number of gums and dyes, the most important being gum tragacanth which is collected from the astragalus plant that grows profusely in the hilly regions of Kurdistan and Kerman. Other gums cultivated and exported are gum-ammoniac, asafetida, sarcocolla, and opoponax.

WAR has stalked over this land, century after century, generation after generation, for more than three thousand years. They fought and bled and suffered under the Assyrian yoke, under the Deoices and the Achaemenians. They were enslaved by the madman Cambyses and by Smerdis, the Magian usurper. They yielded to Alexander the Macedonian, to the Seleucidae, who, in turn, fell before the triumphant ascendancy of the Iranian house of Sasan and the restoration of the Zoroastrian faith.

Came the Arab invasion, and a succession of longer and shorter-lived Moslem dynasties—Ommiads and

Roses- a few- and, always, in the distance, the song of the flow; the song of Persia



Praise the work of him who tills the earth, with his right arm and his left. with his left arm and his right

Abbasids and Ghaznevids, Seljuk Turks and Genghis Khan's Mongols and the steely sweep of the red-faced Tartars led by Timurlane. Came the Afghan invasion and finally the establishment of the Kajar dynasty which holds the peacock throne to this day.

And, straight through the clank and shock of battles, the Persian worked his fields and his orchards, serene in his ancient faith that agriculture is virtue, and irrigation righteousness.

And, finally, there may be the shred of an excuse for the poets who speak of Persia as a land of roses.

For, at least in Shiraz, the pleasure-loving, work-loving Persian has turned away a little from the never-ending toil of field and orchard and has framed the towns with cool gardens where the bulbul sings at evening—roses, creepers as well as bushes, scrambling and growing in their own strong-willed fashion, clothing stones with hearts of deep ruby, building arches of glowing pink and tea-yellow against the blue sky, lifting shy, single, dewy heads in hushed corners——

Roses—a few—and always, in the distance, the song of the plow—the song of Persia——

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Warping a boat through the Yangtse gorges, a series of rapids probably the most wonderful in the world

THE GARDEN SPOT OF CHINA

Experiences and Observations in Wonderful and Remote Szechuan

By Victor Murdock

WOULDN'T you like to go to a civilization forty centuries old that knows nothing of Grecian culture, Roman laws, even the Christian religion? You can't go? Well, Victor Murdock, ex-Congressman from Kansas and member of the Federal Trade Commission, has gone for you. From his wide economic experiences and knowledge of humanity, he tells you what he saw there.

RIGHT at the outset, I feel the necessity of approaching the reader with the name "Szechuan" held behind me as a boy holds a bridle behind him when he creeps up on a fractious colt in mid-oasture in blessed springtime.

Szechuan seems so completely to bar out our western tongue. However, the pronunciation is purely optional. I have seen it spelled four ways in China and heard it pronounced five. Therefore the reader may do what he likes with it. He should not shy away from it in any event.

For Szechuan is the most beautiful expanse of territory on God's green earth. It is about the size of Texas and has in it seventy-six million people. Its eastern boundary is some eighteen hundred miles westward from the Chinese coast, and its western boundary elbows into the mountainous ribs of Thibet. In latitude it is equivalent to Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and southern Virginia, but unlike those states is far removed from any body of salt water.

Its interior isolation is emphasized by the circumstance that Szechuan is walled in and the rest of the world walled out by an almost complete circle of mountains. In this vast emerald, set in porphyry, are hills, plains, rushing rivers, and proud, populous cities. The number of products of its soil is without parallel in any other state in the world and includes oranges, lemons, rice, wheat, Indian maize, the grain-bearing sorghums, beans, cotton, tea, cane, vegetable dyes, vegetable tallow, silk, wood-oil (a substitute for linseed oil) from a nut-bearing tree. Its livestock consists of goats, hogs, and water-buffalo. It has a heavy production of poultry. It is the chief producing market for salt in China.

It is estimated that only 2 per cent. of those born in Szechuan ever get out of it. Only a very few from the

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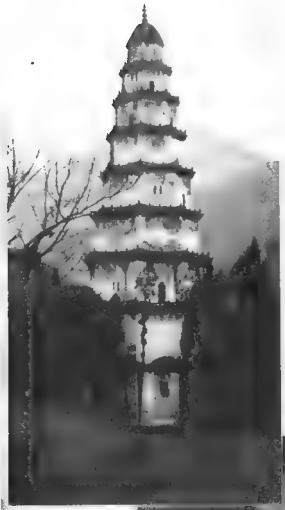
other parts of China or the outside world, for that matter, ever reach Szechuan

Here then is a civilization which, from the beginning of recorded history, has remained almost entirely free from the influences of other civilizations. For it is very old. Its capital, Chingtu, with a million people, was a walled city before the Christian era. Its fields were tilled by a home-keeping population before the rest of humanity had forsaken its permanent cave and daringly adopted a movable tent. Other civilizations have waxed and waned, flourished and perished, merged and changed. Here, in the garden spot of China, is a civilization that persists. It is innocent of the culture of Greece, of Rome, and whatever Europe has contributed to the evolution of mankind. The crushing tides of conquest, which have swept across the world for forty centuries, have left Szechuan untouched The ebb and flow of commerce, confusing language, custom, dress, money, and law, have left Szechuan undisturbed. The primal industrial discovery of the wheel, which set the most of mankind into a frenzy of fabrication in which it has successfully duplicated everything in nature, including the eagle, passed off Szechuan as water on a duck's back.

First and foremost in a survey of this remarkable survival of this civilization is the fact that the Szechuanese have remained throughout consistently and persistently farmers. They are the occupying owners of small hand-worked farms. They bar machinery absolutely. They have no compromise in this. Nowhere else on earth does the farmer succeed in escaping it Indeed, everywhere else, almost, the farmer grapples self-binders, separators, and such, to his soul with



An old and well preserved Chinese pagoda in Szechuan, the garden spot of China, eighteen hundred miles inland from Shanghai

The vegetable vendor in Szechuan. The Chinese—most of them—are born hungry, live hungry, and die in fear of a victualless hell

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hoops of steel. The only round things on the Szechuan farm are the mill-stones.

Now what is a civilization basically agricultural like, when it has persisted for forty centuries? How does it affect those who compose it?

This is the answer: The civilization stays very close to nature, and it fills men with a vast content.

There may be some difficulty in showing how close to nature the Szechuanese is, and just the extent of his content. That is my present business.

I will begin with the Szechuanese's closeness to nature. Take insects. Of course, in childhood we all possess a passing interest in insects. Some of them appeal to us as delightfully utilitarian—the bee; some as malignantly useless—the mosquito; and some as symbolical assurances of divine intentions toward ourselves—the butterfly. Our interest, however, fades with age.

Not so the adult Szechuanese. He seems to have a sense of comradeship with insects which is akin to our relations with a horse or a favorite dog.

At a dinner in China where several members of the first Chinese parliament were guests, I was plying them with questions about their parliamentary procedure. What bills were to enjoy privilege? How did they propose to temper the rigor of the previous question? Dreadful topics these.

Another guest, an American of long residence in China, who wouldn't know an amendment from a substitute if he met them in the open road, but who does know the Chinese, stood this for a while and then carelessly remarked with malicious irrelevancy:

"I read the other day that when the animal world has reached its final state of perfection, the ant, by reason of its brain and industry in proportion to its size, will dominate the whole animal kingdom."

Every Chinese present awoke and instantly leaped, with alert eagerness, to this subject. Was this true about the ant? Would the ant's industry and its sense eventually displace the elephant and the other animals? Was there an evolution in progress to cancel ultimately the aggressive advantages of mere bulk and elevate to dominion the defensive advantages of mind and industry? Abstract, speculative, moony, in fact, the long discussion which followed, but to the Chinese enthralling.

One day in the far interior of China, I noticed a Szechuanese standing near a climbing vine, his sloe eyes in fascinated fixity upon some object. Inquiry showed that he was contemplating a praying manca. There was nothing much to me in watching this grasshopper saw his fore-legs one against the other in the fair face of high heaven. But to the Chinese, apparently, it was fraught with meaning.

I have seen pet crickets in tiny cages for sale on the streets of Chung-king. The Chinese farmers understand that the earth worms are their friends. Science has not told them overnight of the fertilizing functions of the worms. But they have learned it by four thousand years of comradely association with them.

I do not expect the reader to understand the fraternal relation of the Chinese with all forms of life about him. I don't understand it myself. I only know that a

A caravan of camels traveling west from Pekin —used in this case for oil transportation

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Szechuanese, if he wants to have a perfectly soul-satisfying time of an afternoon, chooses to stroll forth alone to some secluded spot carrying his canary for company. The Chinese saints are usually shown carrying pet bats.

If an insect can work better under direction, the Szechuanese takes him in hand. In one of the principal towns of Szechuan, this happens every year. The farmers bring to town, during a certain week, cocoons. These cocoons hatch out simultaneously. The insects are then placed upon the mulberry trees, and produce a fine white wax which, gathered, is exported to pill-coating pharmacists the world around.

But the insect dearest to the Chinese, of course, is the silkworm. The exact date of the beginning of friendship between them is placed at 2600 B. C. China exports silk to an amount approaching in value half a billion dollars a year and uses a vast quantity herself. In Szechuan, millions of pounds of yarn are produced yearly, chiefly of two varieties—that of the worm working upon mulberry leaves and that of the wild worm working upon oak leaves. In the case of these worms, their propagation, their feeding, the selection of breeding moths, there is an element of parental-like solicitude which, if given wholly commercial interpretation, pitiably falls short of understanding.

Now I may have over-accented the Szechuan farmer's attitude toward insects If I have it has been with the thought of bringing the Occidental mind into complete acceptance of the assertion that this isolated civilization of Szechuan is very close to nature. It becomes easy then to understand with what exceeding great love the Szechuanese love the soil. Here the partnership between man and nature is complete. Nature offers him nothing that he does not try to match with industry and thrift. He robs her of nothing and he wastes no ounce of her bounty. Every foot of tillable land in Szechuan is cultivated, except the graveyards. Growing fields run from the hill-tops to the river's edge; and in the winter months, when the Yangtse is at low water mark, the islands which emerge from the receding waters are seized upon and put in gardens There are no fences, hedges or others, the boundaries being marked with small narrow ridges of earth. The roads are mere foot-paths which wind through the fields, with the crops to their edges. In Szechuan there are multiple croppings. The ground is kept working to its maximum. Crop rotation is practised and the nitrogen-renewing legumes are employed. All human waste goes back to the soil. In the use of irrigation, water is conserved and applied scientifically with drainage

A Chinese cobbler. He travels from house to house and does the repairs at a small cost

I have seen paddy-rice fields in Szechuan covering the whole side of a mountain to its crest with patches of water held in successive terraces. From the moment that jocund Day does his toe-dance on the mountain-top till twilight deepens into night, the farmer is in his field. He knows his tract not acre by acre, but inch by inch. I do not know with certainty, but I fancy he can identify, in the growing season, every plant.

There are two ways of looking at the tremendous industry of the Szechuanese. First that he is driven to it by the great economic necessity of livelihood in an overcrowded land, where to loaf is to starve. Second that he has worked so long as a race that work has become a racial habit. Both views are tenable I am inclined to put the more emphasis on the second.

The first impression I gathered of the labor of China was painful The stevedores who were loading a Yangtse steamer kept up, with the tramp of their bare feet, the live-long night, a mournful chant which wrung my soul —wrings it

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yet when I recall it. In it were the trembling minors which voiced the despair of centuries of oppression.

Later in the Ye-tan rapids of the great Yangtse gorges, which form the gateway to Szechuan, I watched a hundred naked trackers at the end of a long bamboo rope drag a junk through a tremendous current.

The junk swung out from the quiet waters behind a jutting rock. At the helm was the master of the craft. At the foot of the mast was a small boy beating a tattoo on a skin stretched over a pot—a signal that all was well. Twenty men held the forward sweep to steady the junk. Two boys stood to the sail. The current of the raging river seized the junk and dragged her back. The bamboo rope vibrated like a fiddle string. Then the men moved slowly forward, a step, two, three, four, and each step shorter. The junk careened to the centre of the flashing rapids, and shook there like a living thing struck in a vital spot. Then with a crash the wild river wrenched the great boat about, she sheered to starboard, and brought one hundred shrieking men face downward flat upon the ground. Up and down this line of prostrate, sweating men, their sinews swelling like whip-cords, rushed the overseer screaming his threats and brandishing his whip above the slacker, while the trackers dug their fingers and toes into the rocky tow-path. Above the roar of the frenzied waters, the incessant rattle of the signalling drum, the clattering commands of the master and overseer, which finally won the craft through, shrilled the dolorous chorus of those panting trackers, the same trembling treble minor, sad, youthless, and like an echo of the wail of the builders of Cheops, come thin, wavering, and lost down through the ages.

Chinese working girls, who have worked all the morning in the fields, stopping for their midday meal

Those who should know say that the mournful cry, common to all coolies working in teams in China, lightens their labor. That may be.

But in the Chinese's natural state, and at his best, on the farm you do not hear it. The Chinese farmer is up with the lark and to bed with the chickens, and he is busily engaged most of the day, but within my observation never at high tension. His gait is his own. It is not geared into some implement of cogs and cams which forces him into a speed beyond his comfort. Nature herself usually travels in low, not only up hill but also on the level, and the Chinese farmer accommodates himself to her plan without questioning the wisdom of it.

The heavy burdens and the bustling business which characterize all scenes around the docks and *bunds* in China disappear in rural life. A Chinese farmer does most of his carrying in the moderate twin baskets balanced on the shoulder pole, and he is not strenuous in any of his movements.

Neither will it do to say that he keeps everlastingly at it. On the contrary, he has a most profound regard for leisure in its place, and it is in its place when it has something to do with increasing the general supply of food. For instance, the Szechuan farmer may strike off work in the field in the afternoon, take his leashed otter to the Yangtse and, using that animal just as his brother farther down the stream uses his cormorant by sending it after the fish and appropriating the same, come home with an enviable string. Or he may spend the day trapping a pheasant, partridge, or woodcock for sale in the city. He may potter about the house working with the jars in which the curd from the soy bean is fermenting and call it loafing. But whatever he is doing, the item of food is on his programme.

For in China, food is the centre to which all thoughts, activities, economies, and religions gravitate. Hunger is an inconvenience with the West. It is a grand insatiable passion with the East. The Chinese, most of them, are born hungry, live hungry, and die with the vision in their eyes of a victualless hell. Food is the

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A Chinese farmer does most of his carrying in the moderate twin baskets balanced on the shoulder pole

one consideration, the alpha and omega of existence, the mainspring of effort, the goal of ambition. We in the West have many refinements to obscure bread and butter. No Chinese ever loved or hated or lost himself in the joys of invention or reveled in the delights of intrigue, that there was not always the fierce competitor, Hunger, knocking about in the walls of his stomach, insisting with savage jealousy on a division of his interest. We give flowers to the dead in America. They bury live roosters with their friends in Szechuan, that the ghosts may have food. There are a few, a very few exceptions to this tremendous national emphasis upon nourishment. Some men accumulate enough to retire —even in Szechuan—and when a man does they say of him that he "is chasing butterflies"—that is, that he has changed his industry into pursuit after something he can not eat.

Shipment is a chief transaction with Occidental agriculture. Wheat, livestock, vegetables, and fruit move out of the hands of the original producer in the mass. That which is used at home is first disposed of and then recovered by the farmer in city-ground flour, city-cured hams, and often city-canned vegetables and fruit The Szechuanese take no chances They hang on to their food supplies. They grind their own wheat, cure their own hams, and consume their vegetables and fruits. It is true there is a large export from Szechuan in foodstuffs, vegetable-tallow, rhubarb, tea, soybean oil, eggs, peanut oil, but all this is truly of a surplus and none of it finds its way back in altered form. Moreover, it is only incidental to production. The greater exports of the Szechuan are in the inedible products, silk, tea, wood-oil, wax, civet, feathers, goat skins, bristles, and the vegetable dyes—saf-flower and indigo. Whatever of added wealth comes to Szechuan chiefly comes through outside payment for the inedibles.

These aside, the one great business of Szechuan is to get enough to eat, by following the simple rotatory formula of getting out of the soil all that industry can get out of it in food and getting out of industry all that the soil can get out of it in work and waste.

The Szechuanese diet is chiefly vegetarian. The vegetables are in variety and quality much like our own, although they go beyond us by letting in the sprouts of beans, grown under water, watermelon seeds, and bamboo. The form in which vegetables are served is the chopped style, usually. Often there is a mixture of meat in the whole vegetable—as force meat stuffed into a cucumber and boiled. Rice and flour are consumed in vast quantities, often in the form of pastes. They say in China that Marco Polo picked up the macaroni idea in China and took it home to Italy. He probably did. At all events, modern China depends upon it more than Italy does to-day. There is not a city or a village in Szechuan where it is not possible, at all hours, to purchase *chowei*;a —a dumpling stuffed usually with spinach, and sometimes with meat, and served hot. A form of *raviola* is obtainable everywhere. When a Szechuanese is not working, he is eating. I have not been able to determine if there are regular meal hours among them—there must be, of course—but judging from the average city in Szechuan, a portion of the population, in daylight hours, is always at table.

A vegetarian diet, I suspect, does not stick to the ribs, and satiety, if the Chinese ever go that length, becomes an evanescent thing, which, passing, leaves its victim mentally torn between a pleasant memory and an anxious anticipation.

But certainly as a general thing, satiety is a stranger to the Szechuanese. Hunger is always with him. And there is only one price for food—work. So he works, and so he has been working for four thousand years. Nature is his partner. She has contributed soil, seed, sunshine, and saturation. He has contributed industry. If he were wholly driven to this, he would be a slave. But he is not a slave and he loves his work.

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Four thousand years of agricultural industry have filled this worker with a vast contentment. To understand it we must put aside with some show of arbitrariness his religion and his form of government. His religion is a confusion of demonology, material philosophy, and transmigration. It cannot have contributed much to his happiness. His form of government is patriarchal. It has always been that. No matter what has happened at Peking, whether Mongol, Manchu, or what not, the old man has run the village in Szechuan. He is legislator, high sheriff, judge, and jailer. This may or may not be essentially democratic—I have heard it argued both ways—but in the life of the individual citizen, it is chiefly acceptable as a government because it is monumentally inexpensive. I do not believe it has contributed heavily to the contentment of this people.

It is work, then, which has hived happiness out of the flower garden of this unfathomably fair land—our old forgotten friend, manual labor. I do not know what will happen when machinery comes to Szechuan. It is beyond imagining. I feel deeply that we, in the Occident, have not yet assimilated machinery economically, industrially, politically, or socially. I do not know what Szechuan will do with it. I should say that she will not come off so well as we have.

The absence of machinery so far has left the old civilization of Szechuan unimpaired. It has left the bulk of the population out of doors. It has left the Chinese worker sound of lung, and, of great import to him, in possession of all his members, for the Szechuanese does not believe that he can get into heaven unless he is whole. I saw few armless and legless men in interior China.

It was in the faces of the old men where I read most clearly the story of Szechuanese content. It may be read there only when those old, kindly, placid faces are placed against the background of their environment.

It is an environment of the indescribably primitive—windows without glass, entrances without swinging doors, stone floors without rugs, tables without covers, stools without cushions, beds without mattresses, homes without running water, with no sanitary arrangements, with no stoves worthy the name. It is an environment of families that admit the pigs to the parlors, tether the rats in the front yard, and bed the dogs with the children.

Creature comfort, as we know it, has not come hither to muddle humanity by the sleight which transmutes to-day's soft luxuries into to-morrow's stern necessities. And the odd thing about it is that the absence of creature comfort does not seem to bother the Szechuanese in the least.

The Szechuanese face is best studied after the day's toil is over. In many sections, the farm laborers gather together at night in the nearby villages, like a group of Scotch "bothies." These villages, drowsy enough during the day, become animated social centres after sundown. There is always much explosion of firecrackers, much burning of incense to idols, occasional wailing over the dead, and often hilarity at some stage of the protracted ceremony of marriage. And there is always gong music. Indeed, this is the climax to the whole social expression. The performers drag to the assembly their metal instruments and their drumsticks and, at a signal, begin to discourse music to themselves and the neighborhood.

A primitive out-of-door restaurant beside the road in Szechuan, awaiting a hungry passer-by

A Chinese is inexplicable in many things: He is hopelessly beyond explanation in his music. At first, gong music conveys to the western ear a single suggestion that of clamorously offensive disorder. It summons the possessor of a perfectly normal Occidental ear to battle. Clearly some one is starting a general riot in which the only feasible self-protection is vigorous participation. But this impression passes and is succeeded by another—a sense of wanton disturbance, but without malicious intent. And if the auditor will apply himself, he will discover that there is method in this clangorous mad-

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ness. If he will listen, with a defiant determination to know what is back of this discordant uproar, he will discover rhythm. This concord of blatant clashes no longer resembles the sound of a man with a wooden leg having a fit on a tin roof—it has beat, accent, measure, and phrase—full-note, half-note, and rests. For harmony and (if we except the pipe and a squawky Chinese fiddle occasionally introduced) melody, the Chinese substitute sound, just plain, raw, unadorned noise. But beneath the din they have measures of time in great variety and in order.

This must be the explanation behind the extraordinary effect gong music has upon the Chinese. Under its spell a circle in a Szechuan village become pictures of perfect contentment. It soothes their souls and fills their eyes with beatific vision. Rhythm, which can answer for a lot of things in the human breast, must answer for this. Nothing else will.

However, it is not in the noisy village one finds the highest type of this happiness which is the joint product of nature and industry. You will find its most striking expression in the face of the old farmer at even-tide, seated beneath the great curved and ribbed eaves of his half-timbered dwelling, with the glow of the brazier at his side in golden competition with the sunset flush beyond the pagoda on the edge of the distant sky. He is, above all other humans I have known, impenetrably placid, inscrutably serene. About him are his fields and his graveyards. For forty centuries he and his have eluded innovation, escaped novelty, and frustrat change. As this landscape is this day so it has be throughout the ages. As he is so was the first of his f bears. To most of us the past is impersonal, remote, a at best a legendary pageant. To him antiquity is i mediate, and to it he is as privy as he is to the prese

In devotion to the spirit of his ancestors, he pours libation of a great glad acceptance of things as they a because they are as they have been time out of mi There are no lines in his face that confess defeat and s render: only the wrinkles that spell the seal of vict and the signature of authority.

This is the Szechuanese patriarch as I saw him, ch of soil and toil.

Even he will pass. In this the world's most mol hour, the old Orient too is in flux. The dragon dynastic misrule in China is dead and China aspires democracy, as all races to-day aspire to democra We know in America that democracy is to be won the dream of no sluggard, nor by the miracle of a sin leap; that it is only to be earned in slow trial and l travail and through Christianity, which origina inspired it and must ultimately perfect it. They m not know this in China. But they will learn it.

For China, the changeless, is changing at last. little while and the contented Szechuan I have sho you, of all the earth the Past's most loyal friend, v join the rest of us in our grand, restless quest of bounties of the Future.

IN MEMORIAM

By Helen Frazee-Bower

THERE is strange quiet along the Marne,
The very trees are still—
(How can the skylarks sing again,
Who have beheld men kill?)—
Though flowers bloom along those banks
Where Life and Death once met,
And Peace returns to bless the fields,
The Dead cannot forget.

Bend, quiet trees above the Marne,
And whisper to the Dead,
That we, who profit by their pain,
Remember how they bled;
And go, ye little singing larks,
Proclaiming to the years
That here we plant their Memory--
And water it with tears.

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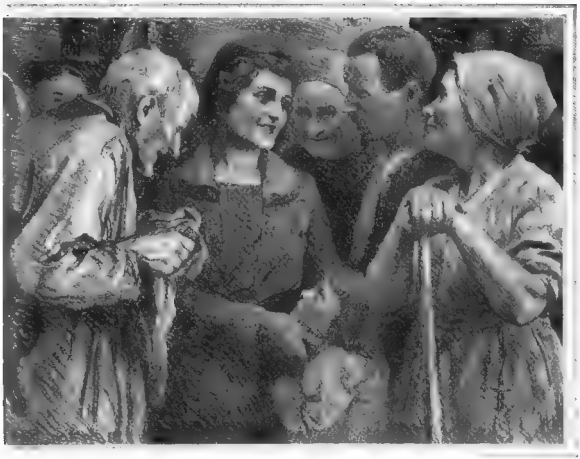

"Mademoiselle le Maire," who handled the affairs of Wervicq during its occupation by 18,000 Germans, and who led her people in the rebuilding of their homes

The French Woman and Her New World

WHEN "THEY" CAME

By Ida M. Tarbell

Illustration by Paul Meylan

PERHAPS it was just as well that the mayor of Wervicq, France, fled n the Germans entered t town in September of 1914. If he had not done Wervicq would not have been blessed now—as ough the four years of war—by the devoted service ter they affectionately call "Mademoiselle le Maire," sometimes "*our* Mademoiselle."

I had heard of Mademoiselle Du Doijnon—that is name—in Lille. Indeed, that was why I went to rvicq; but I was quite unprepared for the story I rd there, or for the brave work of making a battered village habitable which I saw there. Somehow and let us thank God it is so—a story of courage, an undaunted spirit in the face of destruction, is always new, always restoring.

She was not easy to find at first, for there were few people in the narrow streets whose glassless windows and gaping walls stared at us like dead things, and those we asked for the Mayor said coldly that he had not been seen for a long time. Then somebody added, "But, there's Mademoiselle," and we knew we were on the right track.

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We found her at her post—a new wooden barrack, the carpenter still pounding on it. She had not waited until they were finished to lay out her books and papers on the long wooden table or to put the archives of Wervicq on the rough shelves.

"You see," she said, as we exclaimed over her haste, "I mustn't let the accounts get behind. All the food of the village and the commune goes through my hands. I distribute all the things the committees send us, your good Red Cross among them. It would be dreadful if I couldn't tell at once if asked what I had done with every blanket and bucket, with all the soap and potatoes and meat!"

"And you do it all yourself?"

"I must. You see, Wervicq never had many educated people. It's a place of simple, lowly, working folk. There's no one here now to keep accounts but me. And, of course, there are other things for a mayor's office. There are births, and deaths, and marriages to record. There is sickness and want at all times. But now, you can imagine what it is with the town torn to pieces as it is. When the Germans left us there was not a house which had not suffered; there was no furniture left; we were stripped and desolate. Most of the population fled when 'they' came. We were only 2,400 then, and now half of them are back and more are coming daily. They must be cared for as they come, entered on the list for food, a dry spot—it is rarely a bed—found for them to sleep in. They must be encouraged to clean and repair the ruin of their old home if anything can be done with it—it keeps one very busy," she sighed.

"And the people?"

"Oh, the people," she said. "They are wonderful. Do you know that here in our commune we have all by ourselves cleared nearly 700 acres of land of shells and hand grenades and iron and camouflage; that we have filled 5,000 shell holes—that's a good many, Madame, for so few of us and some of them so big. We have done all that and have it plowed and planted. Isn't that fine for people who had nothing left—nothing!—whose plows were broken and horses gone, and who had to beg and borrow the things to work with? I'm very proud of them.

"Come, and let me show you what they've done in their poor battered houses, and you must see our barracks—they are fine. You know your boys did them, your Marines; Wervicq can never be thankful enough to America, Madame. She's been so generous and so delicate in her generosity."

AND while she talked Mademoiselle the Mayor led me across the street to her own little home. "I was one of the fortunate ones, you see," she said, "for my house was an officers' headquarters, and they went so fast at the end they did not have time to blow it up."

Mademoiselle the Mayor preserves all the dignities. She put on her best coat and furs, her street hat and veil and gloves and, thus correctly dressed, we went out to visit the sad, sad houses which the brave people were making habitable, or inhabiting.

At every door she was welcomed and eagerly shown all they had done since her last round: the bedstead made from boards pulled from a ruin whose owner had not come back to claim it; the chair they had found—such a fine chair when once the broken leg was mended—nothing at all to do; the bit of lace put at a window, the pane of which was closed with paper—Wervicq had no glass, as yet. "It made it look more like home to have a curtain," a man explained. They showed the shelves they had put up, the cupboards they had invented, the devices they had employed for filling shell holes, for propping up sagging timbers, for mending floors and walls,

Oh, brave, brave people! Oh, braver woman!

"Come to the barracks," she said gently. "It is easier to look upon"—and it was. The clean, bare boards, the order, the neatness after those pitiful wrecks of homes seemed like the honest pioneering of the great West. There was nothing to remind at every turn of long associations, of precious possessions gone, of old comforts and happiness. They were beginning over—and doing it with a zest and an ingenuity out of which they were getting hope and amusement. The barracks furnished each family about twenty feet square of space, I should say. It was usually divided into two rooms—a living room and a bedroom. I saw none that was not the pink of neatness; none which did not show the signs of individual ingenuity and taste in handling the meagre possessions which the owner had been able to save or to pick up.

WE SHALL somehow take care of them as they come," she said. "I have been at my wits' ends to know what to do with them sometimes; but since you boys built these barracks, I keep two rooms free that they may at least have a cover over their heads at night. Indeed, I feel as if we had solved our housing question though that may sound amusing to you. The next thing is work. There is nothing—nothing for men or women to do in the way of earning money. The Germans destroyed utterly our little factories. We know nothing of the owners. The only plan I have so far is to persuade all the men to put in gardens. There is always uncultivated land around the village, and I am arranging with the owners to let me divide it between the families that they may have vegetables for their soup and potatoes for the winter. Of course, we have no garden tools, but we'll manage and some one will bring them one day. I'm hoping, too, that some one will help me to a few sewing machines. With them I can open a room where the young girls can make over the old clothes good people send us. You know we've had nothing to wear since the war. I know we'll get garden tools and machines somehow. You have a saying, Madame, which I like: 'All things come to him who waits.' And after all, what does it matter 'They' are gone. We say it over and over to ourselves and everything seems small, so great is the weight lifted from our hearts."

"You were here throughout the war?" I asked.

"Always. When the first drive was made on Ypres 200 Germans came into Wervicq shooting in all directions and threatening to burn the town. They ac

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cused us of trying to prevent their passage over the border. You see, we're just on the line. It was not true, but they meant to terrify us.

"However, they concluded to use Wervicq for billets. We had 18,000 here—we, a town of 2,400! You see there was not much room for us. When the Mayor left" (Mademoiselle does not say fled) "naturally I had to conduct the office for I had been his secretary for some time, accidentally. You see I am not of Wervicq. I came here a few years ago from Lille, my home, to look after an old uncle. There was not much money and I was glad to earn the salary the Mayor paid, not great as you can imagine. So it happened that I, who am not of the village, had to direct the affairs of the village. There was a great deal to do, for all the official dealings of the municipality with the Germans went through my hands. There was not a moment of rest night or day through the four years. I did not mean they should wrong my people. I meant they should observe their own code for dealing with civilians in war times. I knew it by heart—that code—and when they infringed or attempted to, I appealed always and at once to headquarters In 1916 they demanded war contributions. I refused them flatly, appealing to their own laws to support my refusal. They did not like it. They summoned me to court, charging me with contempt, and two armed soldiers stood behind me at the hearing. They meant it as a threat, but I was not afraid and they knew it and respected me. If I had turned pale, hesitated, they would have clapped me into prison and kept me there—that is Prussian, to punish the weak. The strong, the unafraid, they fear and respect.

"They recognized that I understood just what my legal authority was and that I was not afraid to exercise it.

"It was for my town and its people I was acting, and I did not mean they should despise it or corrupt it. Take our young girls—I felt I could save them, perhaps, if they recognized and respected me. As a matter of fact I never had trouble but once over them. Certain under-officers, whose laundry the girls were doing, were persistent in their pursuit. As soon as I discovered this I wrote at once to the general in charge, telling him that the conduct of his officers was a menace to the honor and virtue of the young girls of Wervicq, and demanding in the name of my rightful authority that he remove or punish them. He wrote me respectfully, apologizing, and assuring me I need have no further fear and as a fact there was an end to the offense. You see, he respected authority which respected itself, knew its rights, and exercised them.

"While the Germans were very severe with Wervicq they were, on the whole, correct. I suppose it was to be expected that they should try to Germanize our people. They were confident that they were here to stay—that is, that this part of France would belong to them—and they constantly tried to persuade the people to accept them. They did break down the resistance of some. You see, they filled our houses and ate at our tables. We were forced to be in constant communication with them. We saw them morning, noon, and night—saw nobody else. It is hard to live side by side with men who are as able, well-behaved, and friendly as some of the enemy here were and not gradually come to tolerate and even like them. There were men, and women too, in Wervicq who became too intimate with the enemy. I think there were cases in which the Germans probably wormed out of them information which should not have been given. I am convinced that it was never intentional. Our people on the whole stood their ordeal with admirable fortitude and reserve and the enemy respected them."

"And they never punished you?" I asked Mademoiselle.

"Nothing to speak of. Now and then two or three days in prison—nothing. We have come out of it well, Madame. And strange as it may seem, the war has been an education to the town. Our men drink no more and our women are decided never to allow that again. They have learned how many things they can change for the better if they will. They'll never forget it—those women. Once on our feet and life will be happier, healthier, than it has ever been."

"And you—will you stay?"

The good strong face quivered. An accidental question had found a tender spot.

"Sometimes it is not easy to stay, Madame. You see, there is no one to talk with here of the interesting things of the world. We have no books. I told you I was from Lille. I graduated there at the Girls' Lycée. I've lived in England; given lectures in Moscow. Wervicq is far from those cultivated circles and I am sometimes lonely; but there is much here to do and until the Mayor comes it is my duty to do what I can."

A brave lady, Mademoiselle the Mayor of Wervicq—and one of the many, many in France who took the place of fighting—and alas! sometimes of fleeing—men when "they" came. Resolute with the enemy, wise with the simple folk in their charge, they make a noble group in the splendid army of women that held France through the war and that is now restoring her for the world.

DOING A MAN'S PART

A BRAVE lady, Mademoiselle the Mayor of Wervicq, and one of the many, many in France who took the place of fighting—and alas! sometimes of fleeing—men when "they" came. Resolute with the enemy, wise with the simple folk in their charge, they make a noble group in the splendid army of women that held France through the war and that is now restoring her for the world.

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TURKEY'S WAGES OF SIN

By Melville Chater

IN LAST month's magazine, Mr. Chater described the wretched condition of Constantinople, and discussed Turkish misrule before the war. In this article he continues his narrative until the arrival of the Allied forces in Constantinople, and tells of the ghastly and long-continued atrocities on the Armenian Christians foully planned and ordered by the Turkish "Committee of Union and Progress"—the Ittihat Terraki.

A section of Bitlis. Along this road the Armenians were killed, and their bodies thrown into the river

BUT how was the Pan-Turkish scheme to be accomplished? Here is where the *Ittihat Terraki* –or Committee of Union and Progress—enters the story. Evolving out of 1908's revolutionary elements, this had grown into a political ring of unique power and unscrupulousness –an octopus which now wreathed its stranglehold about the country's non-Moslem population. Though the *Ittihat Terraki* may have represented but a class of Turks at its inception, it ended by including practically the whole Turkish people. Its tentacles were to be found existing in every town and village, under the form of Union and Progress clubs. These were exclusively Turkish in membership—a membership which comprised all local officials of the army, government, and police, newspaper editors, prominent citizens, together with various strong-arm characters and ex-convicts. The local club president was directly responsible to the *Merkezi Oumomie*, or Central Committee, and backed by its power, pushed the faithful into office, ousted the unfaithful, and saw to it that government contracts went to the right people. Thus, through these outlying agents, the Central Committee could make or break any man in Turkey by a tap of its invisible hand on the telegraph key. Gathered in the privacy of its headquarters at Constantinople, it administered the country's policies, finances, and elections, these last being arranged by simply wiring instructions to local clubs as to what Union and Progress men were to be returned. Hence the Turkish parliament became in essence a mere assembly of the *Ittihat Terraki* and, of course, solidly Moslem. The handful of seats reserved for non-Moslem representatives, for appearance sake, were humorously known as "spectators' seats," since their few occupants could have no possible influence on legislative proceedings

The Central Committee's president was Talaat Pasha, the Grand Vizier. Of equal influence in the committee was Enver Pasha, Minister of War. Then, too, there were Djavid Bey, Minister of Finance; Said Halim Pasha, who preceded Talaat as Grand Vizier,

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"There goes the bride"—an Armenian wedding procession winding through the streets of Buskra, Mesopotamia

and Ibrahim Bey, Minister of Justice, who organized the *Tchétés*—or massacring bands—composed of criminals from the Central Prison at Constantinople. In fact, if one made a list of the *Ittihat Terrakt's* leaders for the past half-dozen years, it would comprise most of the highly-placed government and army officials.

The *Ittihat Terrakt* began its programme of Pan-Turkism with the Greek deportations of May, 1914, and crowned it somewhat more than two years later by the extinction of the Armenian survivors at the Euphrates slaughter-house at Der-el-Zor. It cannot be too often restated that these atrocities had nothing whatever to do with religious intolerance as between Christian and Moslem peoples, except indeed as a political means of fomenting the latter against the former. The "white massacres" and "red massacres" were simply the *Ittihat Terrakt's* method of crippling two thrifty peoples which, by their commercial dominance and superior acumen, barred the realization of a "Turkey for the Turks." That the Greeks were supposed to be in league with the British fleet off the Dardanelles, or that the Ottoman Armenians were supposed to be in league with Russia, is pure political camouflage. Whatever sporadic instances in the latter case may lend weight to the *Ittihat Terrakt's* pronouncement of a "military necessity" therein, the vast number of deportees and dead reveals unmistakably that the crippling of whole peoples was aimed at.

Of Greeks, some 795,000 were sent into exile; of Armenians, not less than a million were deported and, as a result of 1915's frightful massacres, half a million more fled into the Caucasus. This makes a total displacement of about 2,300,000 for the two peoples. The best present estimates indicate that about 600,000 Armenians and some 350,000 Greeks perished by massacre, starvation, and exposure; and when the whole story is known, it will probably be found that the *Ittihat Terrakt* is responsible for the obliteration of a million human beings.

The procedure with the Greeks was to oust them at a few hours' notice, transport them into the interior as far as Caesarea, Sivas, and Angora, and decentralize them by a wide distribution through the Moslem villages. A large part of this "white massacre" occurred in winter, exposure and starvation being relied upon to do their work. Child-stealing and the abduction of young girls, to swell Islam's future generations, were commonly perpetrated as the columns of deportees wound eastward through Asia's snows. Meanwhile, their emptied houses were sold for firewood, or were occupied by Moslem families of the refugee hordes which swarmed into Turkey from Bulgaria and the Caucasus. The *Ittihat Terrakt's* programme of re-Turkefying Turkey on the absent-tenant principle, had begun. Those deportees who have returned home since the armistice have found either burned villages, orchards, and vineyards, or Moslem squatters who, having sold the absentee's flocks and herds, are firmly intrenched in their homes. The very cemeteries in many of these evacuated towns have been robbed of their gravestones for the manufacture of lime.

When we turn to the Armenian's story, we find the very antithesis of that of the Turk. Closely paralleling the case of the Jews, this small race has cohered into self-development; first, by very reason of that external pressure which knits together a tenacious people; and next, by the adoption of a state religion.

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Indeed, Christianity was Armenia's national expression even before Constantine proclaimed it as the state religion of his empire. Marrying within their own race to an almost exclusive extent, they are essentially a home-making people of close family ties, intelligent and thrifty, of keen trading instincts and a traditionally strong bent toward education. Among them one seldom sees a beggar or an illiterate. The patriarchate under which Armenians are permitted to gather vital statistics, arrange divorces, and administer their schools, less instances Turkey's benignity than her political astuteness; for the result of thus placing her various subject peoples under different patriarchates has been to prevent Christian unification and to strengthen Islamism thereby and, while the Patriarch has no voice in politics, he is held strictly responsible for his people's loyalty.

BUT Armenian loyalty was not likely to be encouraged by the ravishing of their women, by highway brigandage and murder, by Kurdish despoliations of live stock and grain, by the extortion whereunder some half depopulated village was taxed on the basis of ten years before, and by the utter futility of applying to Moslem law-courts for redress in these things. Is it remarkable that the Armenians began forming revolutionary societies in Paris, as far back as 1880? These societies—notably the Armenian Revolutionary Federation—aimed at the arming of their people and the creating of propaganda which would elicit European intervention. They secretly formed and armed regiments which drilled in the mountains. Over in Constantinople they just missed assassinating Abdul Hamid with a carriage load of bombs, and seized the foreign-owned Ottoman Bank, threatening to dynamite it—an affair which ended in massacre. And there are still those European observers—men who certainly have no reason to plead the Turk's cause—who say that the Armenian extremists of this period deliberately courted massacre as the only way of arousing intervention.

Finally, in 1913, the various European embassies appointed two inspectors to reside in Armenia; but under cover of the following year's general conflagration, Turkey set about eliminating the Armenian question, once and for all. "A national and historic necessity," was the defence of the *Ittihat Terraki* for what followed—a phrase which inevitably recalls that pronouncement of "military necessity" under which Germany ravaged Belgium.

The story of 1915's Bloody Trek is already familiar to Americans. That Turkish epithet, the *rayah*, or herd of cattle, becomes perfectly visualized as we watch the interminable columns of humanity being driven across the desert. But it is only since the armistice that some few gaunt survivors have returned to tell of the "herd's" ending at the slaughter-house of Der-el-Zor.

This Turco-Arabian town, situated ten days' journey beyond the rail-head in a shadeless, rock-strewn desert, with the slimy Euphrates oozing past, had been augmented up to July, 1916, by some 150,000 Armenians. They, the remnant of a million deportees, represented the survivors of those successive parties which had been driven eastward during fifteen months. Huddled under tents of tattered blankets, existing on pounded date stones, and even washing their excrement in search of food particles, this ghastly crew of emaciated, half-nude wretches—comparable to the damned in some Dantean hell—sat day-long, dull-eyed and with parched lips and protruding tongues, awaiting the final act of their nation's tragedy. Presently the local governor, having failed to "lighten the Armenians"—as the telegraphic massacring-order ran—was replaced by one Salib Zeki Bey, a Circassian, and the *Ittihat Terraki*'s specially picked man.

"Why do you suffer these Armenians to live among you?" he asked, upon arriving at Der-el-Zor. "They will monopolize your country; and therefore I have been sent here to attend to them." He gathered together five hundred Circassian *tchétès*—assassins—and four days later the public crier announced that all Armenians must evacuate the town. Day after day successive bands of a few thousand each were marched out on either side of the Euphrates and despatched by fire, sword, drowning, and live burial. In the killing of these wretched creatures, the massacrers searched every part of their bodies for hidden jewels—even the gold dental work was removed from their mouths—and those who were supposed to have swallowed valuables were cut open and their intestines searched.

One young man, who escaped to tell his story, fled for a whole day and night through a continuous scene of after-massacre. There were pyramids of heads with human trunks surrounding them, the men's ears having been sliced off and their eyes gouged out. The women's stomachs were cut open; their severed heads hung by the hair from the tops of set up poles, and often to their slashed-off breasts there still clung a dead baby. The children had been cleft up the middle by one stroke, as if in a prefatory test of the sword's sharpness. The sexual mutilations were indescribable. Many of the men lay face downward, with two great transverse cuts across the back, suggestive of a cross. By day the refugee heard victims' cries resounding from far off in the desert, and by night his way was lit by distant flares which betokened some hecatomb of petroleum-soaked corpses. Once he passed a shrieking crowd of fugitives who, having escaped, had apparently gone hunger-crazed, and were tearing each other to pieces.

REACHING the Euphrates, he swam, or rather climbed, through its blood-red waters, across a solid log-jamb of bodies. These victims had been tied together in groups of four, and cast in to drown. Wandering onward and living on grass for four days, he came upon a Der-el-Zor deportation-band of twelve thousand women and children, all absolutely naked, awaiting further orders. Presently Zeki Bey arrived.

"Do you save these wretches so that they may make known the massacres to the world?" he demanded of the *tchétès*. And accordingly the twelve thousand were butchered next day—Zeki Bey watching through his field glasses from a distance—and their petroleum-soaked bodies were burned that night, lighting the desert like a torch, as the fugitive fled onward.

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Another survivor of Der-el-Zor—a young married woman who had buried her three children, one after another, during the deportation—describes being driven out into the desert amid a band of some two thousand Armenians. Soon a crowd of Circassian horsemen, dressed in white and armed with swords and daggers, galloped down the hills toward them. Their *hodja* (priest), having performed some kind of religious ceremony in front of his band, divided the waiting victims into two groups—men and all boys over eleven in one group, women and all children under eleven in the other. The men and boys were made to kneel and to repeat three times, "Long live the Sultan!" Then the horsemen dashed upon them with uplifted swords. There was a terrible outcry of groans and screams. Some of the women fainted, and the rest rushed blindly across the desert. Everywhere they came upon corpses. Some of these, locked in each other's arms, had met death together. Dead mothers lay with dead babies still at their breasts. There was one great circle of men and women, who having first been bound, then buried upright in sand to their shoulders, had thus perished of hunger and thirst.

In the next few days these survivors saw band after band driven out of Der-el-Zor along the Euphrates' opposite bank and massacred, while Zeki Bey watched from his balcony near by, smoking a cigarette and applauding the work. Then after two weeks, during which they lived on the flesh of the dead, and cleared spaces in the corpse-choked river to drink from, the women were rounded up, stripped naked, and divided among the Circassians—those not so chosen being thrown into deep pits to die. The narrator of this account was taken with three other Armenian girls to the tent of their master, who would return to them every night, bearing sacks of fresh victims' clothing in his bloodstained hands. As he tired of the girls he sold them to other Circassians for five Turkish pounds and two camels apiece. The narrator lived a nomad life with him for a year and a half, then she managed to escape across the desert, and finally reached home.

THUS were Der-el-Zor's 150,000 Armenians "lightened" in a few weeks. Some survivors claim that the massacre was accomplished in ten days, and that 50,000 people perished in one day alone. Those who took fright and fled the town doubtless perished in the wilderness, while to this hour there are thousands upon thousands of Armenian slave girls and young boys serving in their Circassian masters' tents. Nothing in history—not even in the Armenians' history—is comparable to this epic of horror. Der-el-Zor is the *Ittihat Terraki*'s bloody minaret of infamy.

And now, having murdered a million of its countrymen, the *Ittihat Terraki* proceed to milk the country itself. Food speculation had been bad enough throughout the war; but when things began to look ominous in 1917, the feverish selling and re-selling of staple foods and manufactured articles became a national gambling game, comparable to the South Sea Bubble. This game was run, of course, for the benefit of the Committee of Union and Progress, whose tactics were rapidly concentrating trade and commerce into Moslem hands. And, indeed, had the Central Powers won the war, this aspect of Pan-Turkism would have been a solidly established fact. With *Ittihat Terraki* members in charge of the food-control and the railways, the whole fruitful field of revictualment lay open to graft. Only those shippers who belonged to the Union and Progress were allowed freight cars—which is to say, that when a non-Moslem producer wished to forward his goods, he must either sell them to a Turk in the organization or else be prepared to pay big "backsheesh" to various Union and Progress railway officials. It is easy to see where the unfortunate consumer "got off" as the result of this procedure, nor is it surprising that in 1917 food prices suddenly leaped up five and tenfold. While bread was reduced in weight from 2.82 pounds to 2.2 pounds the loaf, it rose in price from six to thirty cents. It is true that the Government sold a small, daily loaf by card for nine cents—a chocolate-colored loaf consisting of just enough flour to amalgamate such adulterations as sawdust and macerated straw—but even this war-bread soon became subject to speculation, until to-day it sells on the streets for fifteen cents. Flour, costing the Government 3⅓ piastres (a piastre is worth 4⅓ cents) for 2⅓ pounds, was retailed at 50 to 60 piastres; Austrian sugar, entering Turkey at 20 piastres, was sold at 250 to 300 piastres; and the Government's payment-price of 15 piastres per kilo for gasolene became 250 to 260 piastres to the public.

BECAUSE of the blockade, all manufactured articles were undergoing a continuous, speculative turnover. A bale of rugs or a consignment of cotton goods, for instance, might be sold or resold half a dozen times without having ever been opened, much less displayed for retail sale. And now the Union and Progress stepped in once more—this time, apparently as a public benefactor—announcing that all such price-inflated goods must forthwith be transferred back to their respective manufacturers, to be put forth later at normal figures. So that Greek, Jewish, and Armenian merchants unloaded, thereby cleaning out their stocks; whereupon the invisible business partners of the Committee of Union and Progress cornered these same stocks through the manufacturers, then sold them exclusively to Turkish merchants. They, in turn, reintroduced the régime of speculation which, however, was now being run for the benefit of Union and Progress members, and not for non-Moslems.

Finally, having lined their pockets up to the very hour of Turkey's crash, the *Ittihat Terraki*'s ringleaders retired gracefully from power. The Isset Pasha cabinet was formed, and overtures toward an armistice were begun. And when, in the early morning hours of November 13th, the Allied fleet came up through the fog-draped Bosphorus and set certain officials ashore, there was found only a disorganized government and a war-pinched and exploited people. For Talaat, Enver, Dr. Nazim, Bedri Bey, Ismail Hakki Pasha and the other big chiefs of Union and Progress bossism had fled Berlinward from the wrath to come.

It is most significant that, within three days of the

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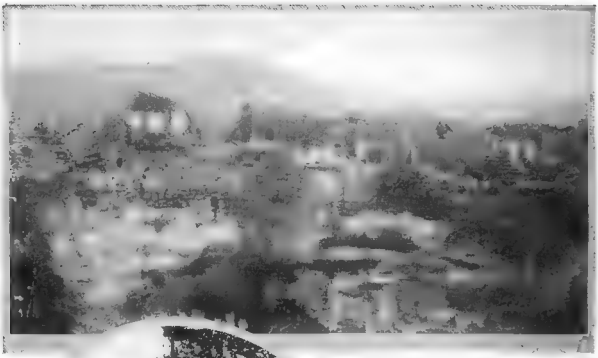

Aintab—after the Turks had sacked it; once a large prosperous Armenian city

A family of Armenian refugees, with the calves they have saved, arriving at the Mount of Olives

Armistice, the Government abolished all Union and Progress clubs throughout Turkey. But the *Ittihat Terraki* ringleaders had not decamped without first seeing to it that all records were destroyed and, thus far, in the trials of those officials who stand indicted with massacre or maladministration, the witnesses have revealed but feeble memories. Some fifty or sixty of the Union and Progress gang have been imprisoned, and it is said that the lists of those charged with various offences mount up into hundreds of names The daily papers are filled with hysterical letters, urging all sorts of immediate, drastic reforms.. In short, Turkey is intensely desirous of setting her house in order and of giving that house an immaculate coat of whitewash.

Meanwhile, in response to an official proclamation –I had almost said an amnesty—wretched groups of Greeks and Armenians are drifting back to what were once their homes. Herein they are being greatly helped by the American Committee for Relief in the Near East. Formerly known as the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, and founded as America's answer to the massacres of 1915, this body's representatives have maintained a splendid work among the deportees throughout the entire war. Up to 1919 they had disbursed some three and a half million dollars in aiding Turkey's persecuted subject races—this not-

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Since the Armistice, the Turks in the remote districts of Asia Minor have continued the slaughter of the Armenian Christians. The massacre of these forty Armenians occurred in February, 1919

withstanding the severest handicaps and a complete lack of Turkish governmental coöperation.

As for the Armenians, it was just before the Brest-Litovsk Treaty in 1917 that they proclaimed the existence of an independent state in the Caucasus. With its 44,000 square kilometers, one and a half million people, and an army of 25,000, New Armenia consists of five small departments which are working toward liberal principles and a decentralized form of government. Its leaders confidently expect that many of the returning deportees will quit Old Armenia's blood-soaked soil forever, marshalling themselves in the Caucasus under the red, blue, and orange flag of recent adoption—all this, subject to the Peace Table's decisions.

Across the Bosphorus in Asiatic Turkey, chaos reigns and starvation is slaying its thousands daily. There is no coal—the Turkish miners immediately dropped work at the Armistice—and locomotive fuel is supplied by tearing down houses and up-rooting olive orchards for wood. (Houses may be rebuilt, but the newly-planted olive tree does not bear full crops until after fifteen years.) The returned deportees' possessions are in the despoilers' hands—their homes, their fields, and, many hundreds of miles away, their women. The Turkish Government has ordered the immediate release of all Armenians and Greeks now held in captivity. This is, of course, an emulative echo of General Allenby's orders in Palestine; and it is said that, upon the strength of a few judicious hangings at Bagdad, some five thousand captive women and children were produced in that city alone. Brigandage, too, is flourishing in Asia Minor, where various bands of army deserters—as many as 200,000 men, it is reported—have fortified themselves in mountainous strongholds from which they descend periodically to pillage the towns, driving off livestock, pillaging houses, and holding citizens for ransom.

To that handful of Americans, who have kept the splendid work of Robert College and Constantinople College in being for these many months of the war, it was a thrilling moment when the first American food-ships, the *Western Plain* and the *West Mohammed*, came up the Golden Horn in mid-February, flying the Stars and Stripes. Hard upon these came other Yankee ships, one bearing the United States Food Commission, and another, Admiral Bristol and his staff—the first American admiral who has flown our colors in Constantinople since 1871. The Commission at once established warehouses, sent its investigators into the famine regions, and is now distributing American flour to wholesalers at cost price—a step which has effectually cut the ground under the food speculators.

And what are the net results? Of Prussian penetration there remain but some rapidly dwindling stocks of German goods, a few Turkish officials who still wear the gray, field-service uniform, and hard by St. Sophia, Wilhelm's imposing gift, known as the "Emperor's Fountain." If this last was supposed to have typified *Kultur's* revivifying flow through Islam's veins, the symbolism is now made perfect, for to-day the fountain no longer functions—it has run dry. And what of Turkish bossism? Having played its magnificent game through four centuries of sultans, it ends in a national orgy of blood and graft—a panic-stricken, greed-frenzied country tearing at its own vitals as the curtain falls. And when that curtain rises again—whatever the peace delegates are preparing behind it—we may be certain that barbarism will have vanished, and that betterment will await the Near East peoples.

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THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; each month's chapter based on recent cables, letters, and reports of workers in many parts of the world

THE epic of the war, to-day, draws slowly to a close. With the exception of the Army of Occupation, two hundred thousand strong, the last American troops move slowly toward Brest and St. Nazaire, saying goodbye to France and the heroic dead.

And yet the war itself is not really over. Its results go sweeping on in every country of the earth, in every degree of society, involving anew the hopes and fears of mankind, and rendering it impossible for any human being whom the conflict touched either to stand aside or to return to his former condition.

In the midst of this tide, held in countless ways still by the sacredness of old obligations and yet turning gradually to breast the new flood, stands the Red Cross. Closed are the Red Cross hospitals in France, sailing for home are hundreds of the workers in huts, canteens, and warehouses, and reverting to their French owners are the vegetable farms, the convalescent houses, and châteaus which once formed part of the Red Cross effort for the army.

Only remaining of the army work, indeed, are the Service of Communication between the soldiers in France and Germany and their families at home, the work of photographing the graves, and the work of running the canteens, officers' clubs and rest houses and enlisted men's hotels in Germany, Paris, and western France. Old obligations, these, and ones which must be fulfilled until the last soldier has said goodbye to Europe.

They are of a part with the Red Cross obligation to France's children and refugees whom we cannot abandon until they are provided for to the last child, even though we hear the new call for the Red Cross from other lands. A broken land, France, struggling to face the future, and gathering in her children as fast as may be—and not a land for us to forget at the moment of parting. Affection and friendship still hold as strongly as the material difficulties of leases, salvage, expenses, food, necessary to our work of closing up in France.

The same thing is true in Germany. Here is another obligation growing out of the Armistice days, and one which we must discharge to the end. Scattered over all the former Hun empire, in seventy-five prison camps, are still two hundred thousand Russian prisoners. They have to be fed three times a day, every day, and their health and comfort assured while the difficulties of repatriation are straightened out—difficulties enhanced by industrial disorder, by lack of transportation, by disturbed political conditions in Poland, Ukraine, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, and Russia, and heightened by the ignorance and hopelessness of the Russian prisoners themselves.

Many of them, to give merely one instance, are unable to remember their full names or the names of their villages, answering simply, "the village by the white mill," or "in the purple forest." All in all, they form perhaps the most pitiable relics of the war. When all other Allied prisoners have been repatriated, they alone remain in a foreign land, neglected, badly clothed and fed, cut off from their homes, their families, and friends.

In an endeavor to make their existence bearable, Red Cross representatives, placed at the camps, are keeping track of their needs and requisitioning supplies of food, clothing, and medical stores from our warehouses in Berlin. This food is composed of bread, meat, sugar, tea, as supplementing the regular rations furnished the prisoners by the German Government and is supplied by the Inter-allied Food Commission. Clothing, underwear, socks, shoes, and medical supplies and dressings, as well as hospital diet foods, are our chief contributions, the actual distribution of which is in the hands of American army detachments in charge

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of the camp discipline, while the camp hospitals are in charge of Red Cross doctors. In many of these hospitals, the wards now differ but slightly from those in well-run army hospitals, and here the Red Cross supplies have proved of inestimable value.

Only in the problem of finding work and occupation for those prisoners who do not work on farms in the vicinity of their camps are we experiencing real difficulty. At present we are endeavoring to solve this by providing athletic supplies and organizing games. It is a characteristic fact, however, that the Russians are much more interested in our efforts to supply them with musical instruments than with sporting goods!

This is the state of the case in Germany. The real work of the Red Cross, however—the future effort of the Red Cross—begins to lie elsewhere, despite these old obligations. At this writing, there is reported in the area from the Baltic to the Black Sea a total of two hundred and fifty thousand cases of typhus—a staggering condition of affairs.

SUCH an epidemic has been foreshadowed for some time by events in Macedonia and the Struma Valley. The Struma Valley is low, swampy, and malarial in any event, of course, as thousands of British and Allied soldiers can attest. Last winter and spring the roads were morasses of fathomless mud, the rains frequent and the fogs penetrating. The filth and stench of the so-called cities, heaps of ruins after six years of war, were beyond description. According to reliable witnesses, the main street of Pravi and the highways in Drama surpassed in offensiveness anything seen. In a hundred villages only the bare walls remained.

Into this situation came more than two thousand Greek refugees from the town of Varna in Bulgaria, landing in Kavalla about February first. Sixty of them were already sick with typhus, indicating grave conditions in Bulgaria. By the time they had landed and found quarters in the abandoned tobacco warehouses, an epidemic threatened the whole group.

In short order it spread to the town itself and almost before they knew it, the few Greek doctors and the Red Cross workers in the town found themselves face to face with a desperate situation. Hundreds of refugees, housed in a four-story warehouse, spurred on by ignorance and fear, openly revolted as groups of dead were taken from the building daily. The scourge leapt swiftly into the army barracks, into the Red Cross offices themselves, striking down one Red Cross man at once, Lieutenant Edward Walker, and threatening a dozen others. To cap the climax, two hundred of the sick in the warehouse broke from all restraint and fled into the open country, carrying the disease with them, infecting the neighboring towns and the valley. The epidemic was full fledged!

From near and far, there gathered Greek, British, French, Red Cross, and American army doctors in a desperate effort to confine the outbreak to its breeding ground or at least hold it until the arrival of the Red Cross expedition sent posthaste. At present the fight still continues, although the Red Cross reinforcements have arrived and are in line.

We have established a number of small hospital units and dispensaries in Serbia, for instance, and these are doing excellent service. But there are sections of the country where as many as seventy-five thousand people are without a single physician! In Montenegro and Albania, too, there are almost no doctors and practically no local hospitals, except the four Red Cross hospitals which we have established. The work of the Red Cross must be enlarged and supported in these countries. All such things as medical and nursing work, child training, clothing, and supplies are urgently required in Albania. Rumania must be upheld to the best of our ability in her present extremely difficult position.

The roads over which we run our motor trucks filled with Red Cross supplies for the still underfed of central Serbia are quite impassable. From Saloniki to Belgrade, they are lined with thousands of skeletons and rotting carcasses of animals. Soldiers' graves, thinly screened with dirt, skirt the highways. In Italy and Trieste from which most of our supplies are now coming by rail and then by truck from northern Serbia, are all the difficulties of getting railway cars from a foreign government which must still feed its undemobilized army, take care of its own refugees, and its own business problems—and do it all without enough cars for itself alone! Ships to Trieste, Italian cars to the Jugo-Slav border, Slav cars, then or motor trucks—this is the programme for supplies from America.

Despite these difficulties, each day tens of thousands of loaves of bread are being distributed in dozens of Serbian, Macedonian, and Rumanian cities. Bales of clothing are given out to the neediest, serums against disease are injected into thousands of peasants, and delousing baths given to those living in filthy and cramped quarters. Over at Constanza on the Black Sea, ship after ship is docking, reinforcing that first Red Cross ship in April which carried back to Rumania the Red Cross Commission ordered out by the Germans, and with them their five hundred tons of food and medical supplies. The uniform of the Red Cross is seen again in the Dobrujda, warehouses are being established in the larger cities, Red Cross food boats are plying the Danube, and soup kitchens reaching the worst famine districts.

THE immediate duty of the future for the Red Cross, indeed, with its ready organization released from the fields where it has been operating during the war, is to give its assistance to those unfortunate people who are not yet in a position to help themselves. Here is the new flood of distress and misery and disease which the Red Cross must breast while still carrying her obligations in France and Germany, while Europe gets slowly underway in her recovery from her frightful disaster.

Our troops have withdrawn from Archangel now and with them are coming the Red Cross workers, who leave behind them a record of efficient service both to the soldiers in that bleak spot and to the Russian children of the outlying districts. So far as Russia and Siberia are concerned, however, Red Cross work is not only not finished but very plainly must be strengthened and enlarged as events dictate. The suffering of last winter

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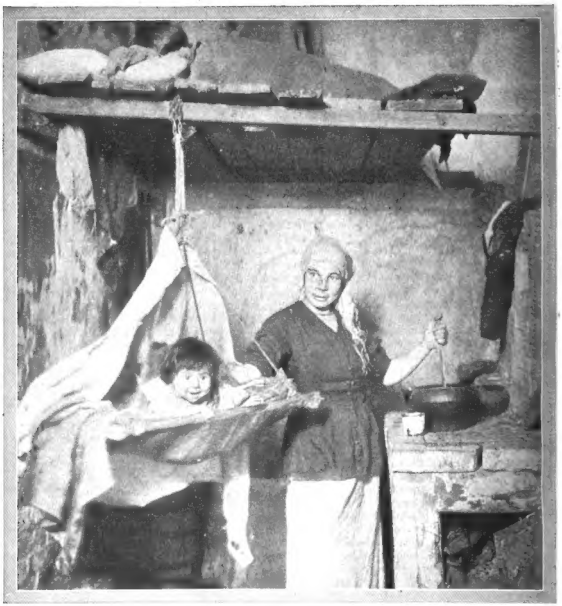

You'll be glad you gave that money to the Red Cross when you think it helped to furnish food and warmth to this sturdy family in Murmansk, North Russia

must be alleviated and, if possible, averted in all the tremendous stretch of territory which the Red Cross covers so thinly between Vladivostok and Omsk. This is what the Red Cross workers are preparing for now in towns like Tomsk, where gradually thousands of refugees from European Russia are being put in a position to resist the inroads of typhus which there, as elsewhere, threatens the people whom war has spared.

A group of buildings in that city was sometime ago converted into a receiving and refitting station for refugees—there are 150,000 of them in the district—and at present the Red Cross, carrying out its plan of attacking disease simultaneously with destitution, is cleaning and disinfecting eighteen of the largest barracks, housing their inhabitants meanwhile at the refitting station, where baths, disinfecting apparatus for clothes, dispensary, and simple hospital facilities are available.

Home Service work, of course, is still going on in this country, with a rather dramatic variation in Poland where the Red Cross workers are accepting and forwarding letters for all parts of the United States and trying to reëstablish the destroyed postal communications for the relatives of Polish soldiers in this land. The Juniors are beginning their work in the Old World with the support of the orphanage on Mount Zion near Jerusalem. And everywhere the returning American soldier is receiving a Red Cross welcome home. But the future points unmistakably to Poland, Siberia, and southeastern Europe as the new, great field of foreign effort for the peace-time Red Cross.

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